

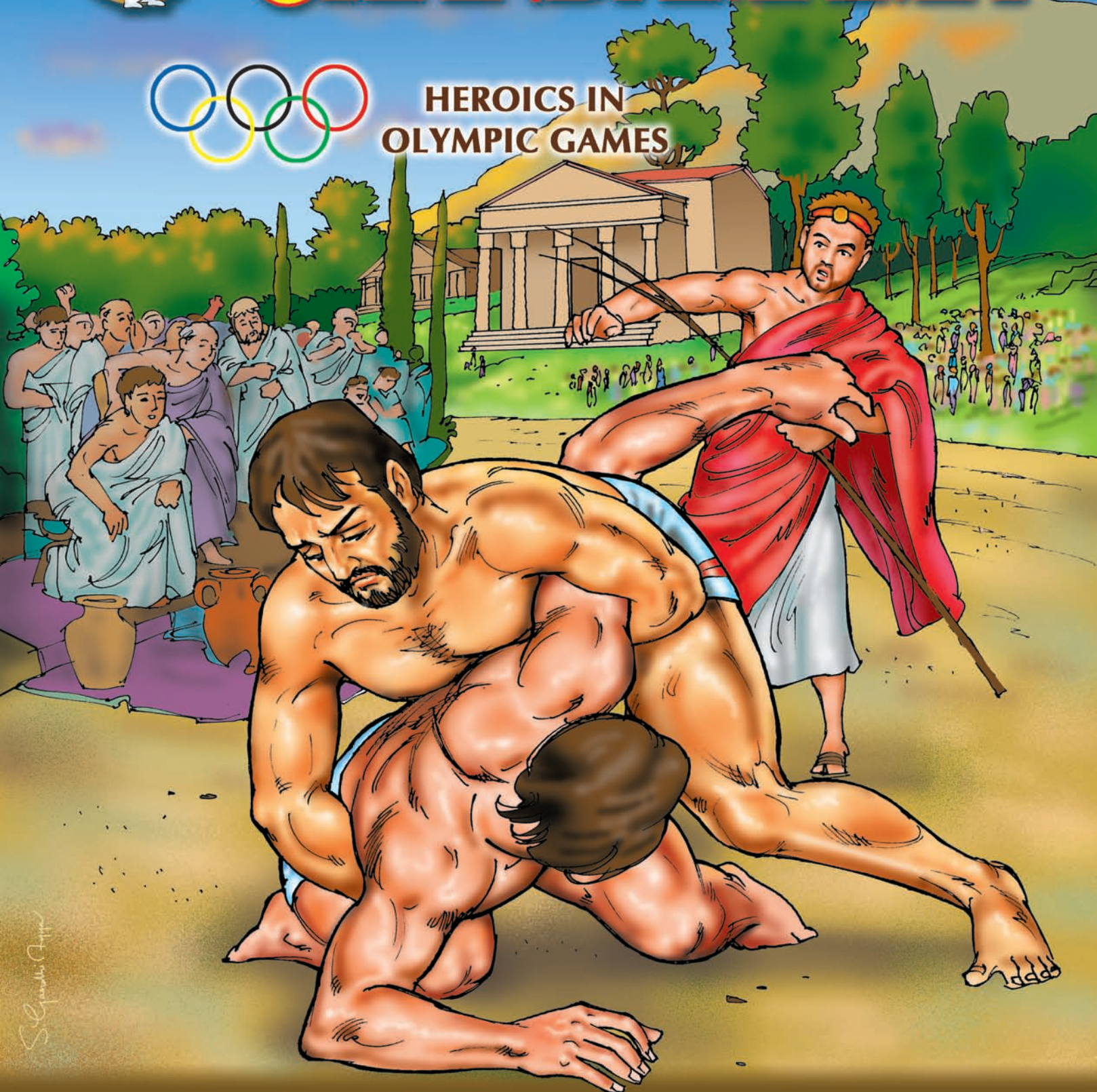


MAY 2004 Rs. 15/-

# CHANDAMAMA



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OLYMPIC GAMES



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5. You will find, in the advertisement of Nutrine appearing in this issue, some children enjoying a tasty nutrine chocolate. How many times does the letter 'R' appear in that advertisement?

3 ☐ 6 ☐ 8 ☐ 9 ☐



Beginning from May, your favourite monthly magazine Chandamama in English and all its language editions will carry Nutrine - Chandamama contests for 6 months. All you have to do is to choose the right answers, **fill in the entry form and mail this page, along with 5 wrappers of 'Nutrine Chocolate Eclairs'**, before the closing date, to **Nutrine Chandamama Contest, Chandamama India Limited, 82, Defence Officers's Colony, Ekkatuthangal, Chennai - 600 097.**

It is an all India contest. Every month there will be different questions. There are fabulous prizes to be won. Watch out every month and participate. There will be 3 Konica cameras, 10 Calculators, and 50 Nutrine sweet hampers as first, second and third prizes respectively every month. At the end of the 5 monthly contests, the 6th contest offers a Bumper Draw and the winner will get a Personal Computer, in addition to the regular prizes. Participation in all the 6 months only will entitle the entries for the Bumper Draw. Results of the Bumper draw will be announced in December by post.

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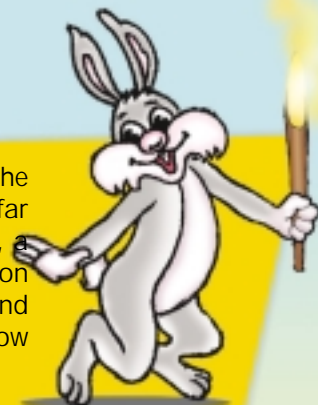
## NUTRINE CHANDAMAMA OLYMPIC QUIZ CONTEST

Study the questions carefully and tick [v] the correct answer in the blanks provided for each question.

- The Olympic Games was revived after a gap of more than 2,200 years. Where was it held?  
London ☐ Paris ☐ Athens ☐
- Which country won the most medals in the first of the Modern Olympic Games?  
England ☐ Greece ☐ USA ☐
- In which Olympic Games was the Olympic Flame reintroduced?  
Amsterdam ☐ Berlin ☐ Moscow ☐
- Which Olympic Games had the maximum number of participating nations?  
Sydney ☐ Atlanta ☐ Seoul ☐

DID YOU KNOW?

OLYMPIA, in Greece, was believed to be the abode of the Greek Gods. Sports festivals were a way of life in Greece as far back as 1370 B.C. According to Greek mythology, Kronos, a Greek God, and Zeus, the father of Greek Gods, fought on Mount Olympus for the possession of the Earth. Zeus won and threw a great sports party to celebrate his victory. This is how Olympic Games began.



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# PARADOX OF SCARCITY AMIDST PLENTY



Come May, and our country thirsts for water. In many parts of India, May means the height of summer which begins in the not-so-hot days of April. The southwest monsoon brings in showers early in June in the southern parts of the country and it continues to bless the region in July and some days in August. The rains are sometimes delayed in the northern parts, though the northeastern regions are areas which usually receive the maximum rainfall. In between, floods invariably occur in Andhra Pradesh, Orissa, Assam, West Bengal, Gujarat and Maharashtra. India receives on an average 3,000 mm of rainfall every year. Yet the country suffers scarcity of water amidst plenty as detailed above. Isn't this a paradox?

Shall we say the remedy lies with the people who need water for their very survival? When nature gives so much water from the skies above and from the ground below, why should our throats remain parched? Immediate action is called for. The three-sided action plan includes *conservation*, or in other words, avoiding misuse or wastage of water.

Next will be *development* of the sources of water which might have got plugged because of our ignorance or wanton neglect. This also involves harvesting of rain water, for which great importance is currently being given. Of equal importance is re-cycling of water in urban areas, like water used in kitchens can be recycled for, say, gardening. A third act will be *management* of water. These days, we take several steps-knowingly or unknowingly - to manage our day to day life. And we are aware of people enjoying success in their life because they have managed well.

Management of water must become a part of our life. This is to ensure availability of water and assure its quality. Devoid of quality, no single drop can become useable. This calls for self-discipline and determination.

There is no denying that a stage has come where every drop counts. Therefore, the slogan today is "save when there is surplus."

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"Discourage litigation. Persuade your neighbours to compromise whenever you can. Point out to them how the nominal winner is often a real loser - in fees, expenses, and waste of time. As a peacemaker the lawyer has a superior opportunity of being a good man.

There will still be business enough."

"Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith, let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it."

- Abraham Lincoln



# Heroics in Olympic Games



When we look back, it may appear very strange that women were not only not allowed to participate in the Olympic Games of the ancient times but they were not even permitted to watch the events. If any woman was caught viewing any of the events stealthily, she was punished with death. However, the high priestess, who would lit the Olympic torch was allowed to watch the Games as an observer.

One female offender escaped death under peculiar circumstances. She was Pherenice of Rhodes. Her son Pisidore was competing in the boxing event and was sure to win the championship. She was determined to watch the event, and so disguised herself as an athlete and went to the stadium. When Pisidore was declared champion, in her excitement she ran into the arena and hugged him. As luck would have it, the robe she was wearing over the athlete's costume fell away and her cheating was revealed. She was taken to the judges for pronouncing their judgement.

But they took into consideration the fact that she was a widow and that her father and brothers had been Olympic champions earlier. She was forgiven. The judges then decided that the athletes would in future participate without any clothes on.



The pankration was a combination of events and would sometimes prove brutal. An athlete called Arrachion was wrestling with his rival for hours together. He eventually held his opponent in a vicious leg lock and was slowly forcing his leg from front to back; the rival managed to hold Arrachion by the neck, in a powerful grip. Ultimately the opponent cried with pain and slowly raised his hand to indicate that he was surrendering. The judges declared Arrachion the winner but found to their dismay that he had died from strangulation. For the first ever time, the Games had an athlete declared a champion posthumously.

Another pankration champion was Poulydamas of Thessaly, whose strength was legendary. He could kill a lion with his bare hands, and stop a chariot by grabbing one of the wheels when the horses were at full gallop. He would lie down using his body as a brake! Then there was Theagenes of Thasos who won a total of 1,400 points earned in different events—a record which has not been broken in subsequent games.

Milo of Croton of the 6th century B.C. is believed to have eaten an entire bull, an exercise as part of pankration. He would clench a pomegranate very tightly in his fist and allow athletes to try dislodge it. When he eventually opened his fist, the fruit would still be undamaged. Such was the strength of his fist. He would also tie a rope around his head and snap it by merely jerking his muscles.

The winners were awarded only an olive wreath, but the champions were given gifts and benefits, like free boarding and lodging for the rest of their lives. Offers of marriage were very common. If a competitor won three events, he was entitled to have his statue installed at Olympia. The winner often was taken back home in a grand procession, and would enter his city through a specially erected gate.

Thus, to the athletes, the Olympic Games was more than just a test of strength and skill.



## Meeting the target

**D**ark was the night and fearful the atmosphere. The howling of jackals faded into the weird laughter of unearthly beings. Flashes of lightning revealed ghastly faces.

But King Vikram did not swerve. He climbed the ancient tree and brought down the corpse.

However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground, with the corpse lying astride on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse observed, "O King, even the ablest of personalities enroll the help of others to fulfil their missions. But, it seems, you're out to reach your goal all alone. I wonder if that is wise. Let me tell you their story of two brothers. One's success was due to the other's help. Pay attention to my narration, O King! That should give you some relief."

The vampire went on: In days gone by, there was a prosperous town called Dhanyakatak on the banks of river Krishna. Vishnugupta, the richest merchant of the town, had a daughter called Kamala. She was well-groomed and beautiful. Being the only child of Vishnugupta, she was to inherit her father's vast wealth.

Priests and relatives brought many proposals for Kamala's marriage. But not one of them satisfied Vishnugupta.

In the same town lived Devsen. He hailed from a great family. His grandfather, in his time, was the most celebrated man in the kingdom. But the family had become poor. It was mainly because Devsen's father had given away all his wealth for charity.

Vishnugupta's grandfather had been greatly helped by Devsen's grandfather. They traded together and Devsen's grandfather being wiser and wealthier than Vishnugupta's grandfather, came to the latter's help







several times. But, with the family of Devsen falling into bad days, friendship between the two families had snapped. Vishnugupta now showed no concern for Devsen.

Devsen had two sons, Narendra and Mahendra. Narendra was only one year older than Mahendra. The two brothers loved each other very much.

At a time when the family was passing through a particularly bad period, the two brothers went to Devsen and said, "Father, why don't you ask Vishnugupta to choose one of us for his son-in-law? The marriage would help us tide over our difficulties!"

"It is for Vishnugupta, who was indebted to my grandfather, to put forward the proposal, not I. However, I've no objection to your meeting him with the proposal," said Devsen.

The two brothers called on Vishnugupta and said, "We understand that you are on the look out for a suitable young man to marry Kamala. Why not choose one of us?"

Vishnugupta was not inclined to oblige either of the brothers. It was because he had an aversion for people

who had become poor. Nevertheless, he respected Devsen's earlier position past and could not reject the proposal summarily.

"I've decided to give my daughter in marriage to only such a young man who has experience in handling commerce and business. You lack that quality," observed Vishnugupta, who was certain that his words would totally off out the two brothers.

"Sir, a wise man that you are, how can you say that we lack any quality without trying us?" asked the brothers.

Vishnugupta found himself rather cornered. However, he pulled out two thousand rupees and gave a thousand each to the two brothers and said, "He passes the test who can whip up a lakh out of a thousand in a year! Go and try your luck!"

The two brothers took leave of him. They went in two different directions, deciding to meet each other at the end of a year at a certain place.

Vishnugupta was sure that the two brothers would fail to fulfil the condition. He had given away two thousand rupees only to get out of the situation honourably.

And he did not prove wrong. At the end of the year when the two brothers met at the appointed place, both looked sad.

"What's the position with you?" asked Narendra, the elder brother.

"With hard but honest labour I could make only ten thousand rupees," replied Mahendra.

"Don't feel discouraged. To change a thousand into ten thousand in a year is an excellent feat when I know that you could not have been dishonest," commented Narendra.

"Brother, what about you?" asked Mahendra.

"Well, I've made ninety thousand, though not in quite an honest way," said Narendra.

They stood in silence for a moment. Then Narendra gravely said, "Mahendra, I have an order to pass on you. Promise that you shall obey it and never speak a word of it to anyone. I shall be responsible for what I am asking you to do!"

"I promise to obey you, brother!" uttered Mahendra in a solemn voice.

"Take this ninety thousand. It will make a lakh with



your ten thousand. That should hit the goal!” said Narendra.

Mahendra stood speechless. Narendra patted him on the back, thrust the money into his pocket, and said, “I shall go back to my place of business and flourish again, this time honestly. Don’t worry.”

He then went away without giving Mahendra a chance to speak.

Mahendra did as promised. Vishnugupta had to let him marry Kamala.

The vampire paused for a moment and asked in a challenging tone, “O King, wasn’t Narendra more eligible to claim Kamala’s hand since he had come nearer to the target in earning? Why did he sacrifice his claim? Answer me, O King, if you can. If you choose to keep silent though you may know the answer, your head would roll

off your shoulders!” King Vikram answered without a moment’s delay: “Narendra knew that Vishnugupta had stipulated an impossible condition only to avoid them. In other words, Vishnugupta had not been honest in his conduct. That is why Narendra did not think it necessary to be honest in fulfilling the condition. He earned money through some doubtful means.

But face to face with Mahendra, when he understood that the latter had taken great pains in earning the money in an honest way, he was overwhelmed. He had already been dishonest. He did not mind being a little more so in securing a boon for his loving brother. He took the consequence of what he was doing upon himself. That shows his nobility.”

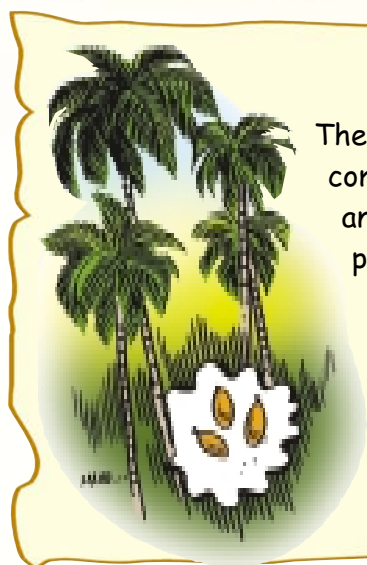
No sooner had the king concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.



## The nut that matters

The utility of the arecanut palm lies chiefly in its nuts, which are of great commercial value. The nut contains tannin, which is used for making black and red inks. The nuts are also roasted and powdered to make tooth powder.

The arecanut palm looks graceful with its straight, slender trunk soaring to a height of 18 to 20 metres. The tree has no branches. The trunk has a diameter of about 15 cm. The arecanut palm starts bearing fruit when it is five years old or later. A tree can yield as many as 300 fruits in a single year. The trees are commonly found in Kerala, W. Bengal, and Assam, all of which receive plenty of rain.





# How the sea was created

*Melanesia is one of the three large groups of islands in the Pacific Ocean that are collectively known as “Oceania”. The islands lie northeast of Australia.*

*Melanesia comprises the islands of Fiji, New Caledonia, New Guinea, Solomon Islands and Vanuatu.*

Once upon a time there were no oceans. There were only deserts and vast open spaces, green fields, rocky patches and mountains. People fished in the rivers and lakes. If they wanted to go swimming or boating, that is where they went.

But somewhere near the bottom of a steep hill was a tiny little pool, well hidden among the bushes that grew there. It was so small that you could easily jump across it. The water of the pool was a clear blue. A woman who lived nearby discovered the pool accidentally one day when she came near the hill to collect firewood. As she looked at the pool in surprise and saw

the clear blue water, she remembered that she was thirsty. She tried to drink the water but found it salty. But although she did not feel like drinking the water she rather liked the taste of salt and guessed it would make her cooking tastier. Just then she had nothing to carry the water in. So she went back home. But she returned the next day with a pan and carried the salty water home. She cooked a stew with the same water and waited to see what her family would say.

“What wonderful stew!” said her husband. “How come it tastes so different today? What did you put into it?”

“Mama, the stew tastes lovely,” added her first son. “It’s very different from your usual cooking. I wonder why.”

“I can see nothing different,” said her second son, “it has the same carrots, turnips, potatoes, beans and pieces of meat. Why does it taste so different?”

“I really can’t say. It tastes the usual to me,” said the woman.

She had already made up her mind to keep the pool a secret. She did not want other prying eyes discovering it and taking the special water away. She was afraid that her naughty sons would mess about in the pool and make the water dirty and tell the entire village about it. So she told them nothing. But she continued to go to the pool every day and fetch a pan of water for her cooking. She took





care to go there at a time when no one was around. She also took a piece of cloth with her the next time and covered up the pool and put stones on the edges so that the cloth might not blow away with the wind.

The two sons were very inquisitive by nature. They soon guessed that their mother had a secret. They also guessed that it had something to do with her cooking and the water she cooked with. The water looked very ordinary and so did the pan. Since they did not taste it, they did not know it was salty. But when the pan was dry they noticed a fine white powder at the bottom.

“Where do you get your water from, mama?” asked the elder son.

“From where I got it all these years,” she replied.

“Why do you ask?”

“May we go with you the next time you go to fetch it?” asked the second son.

“No,” she said at once.

“Why not? I shall carry the pan for you,” said the first son. “You can take along a bigger pan if you like.”

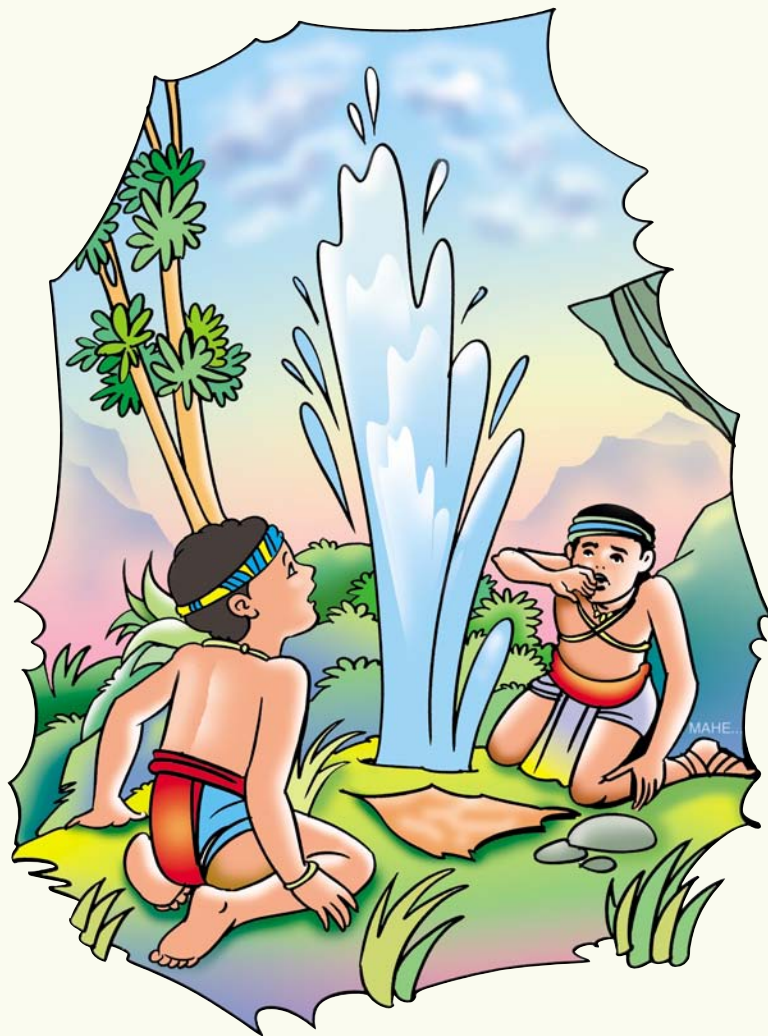
“There’s no need,” said the woman. “Go and help your father in the field. Don’t bother me.”

The boys left her alone. But they were now convinced that their mother was keeping something from them. They decided to follow her secretly the next time and find out what it was. The next time she went out to fetch water from the pool, they followed her at a distance. When they came close to the hill they climbed up a tree to see what she was doing.

But the trees grew close together and they could see nothing. After some time they saw their mother coming out of the woods with the pan of water. “Strange!” said the elder brother. “There’s no river or pond in there. Where did mama get the water from?”

“Let’s go and explore after she has gone home,” said the younger brother.

They climbed down from the tree and went inside the wood at the foot of the hill. They could see nothing at first. No river, no lake, no pond or even a well. Where did their mother take the water from? Was there a hidden spring or pool in the forest? They started searching for one, going over the entire place very



carefully. Finally they came near the little pool.

“Here’s a sheet covering the grass,” said the first brother. “How funny! Who did it and why?”

“Pick it up and see. Perhaps there is something hidden underneath,” said the second brother.

They pulled off the sheet and found the little pool below. “Pooh! Just a tiny pool!” said the first brother. “Taste the water and see. It looks very blue. I wonder why.”

The second brother scooped up a palmful of water and tasted it. He made a face and spat it out. “It tastes awful!” he said. “Horrid little puddle!”

As soon as he spoke these words and spat out the water, there came a strange hissing sound from the pool. The water gushed up like a fountain and drenched the two brothers.

“Look what you have done!” cried the first brother. “You shouldn’t have called the pool names!”

“You made me taste it!” said the second brother.

In the mean time, the water from the pool started



rising higher and higher and spreading all over the place. The brothers soon found themselves in a vast lake of water with the water steadily rising above their ankles, to their waist, to their neck and higher.

Both brothers ran in two different directions in panic but the water followed them. The deep blue salty water swished and gurgled and turned into rolling breakers, breaking on every side, sweeping away cows and goats, houses and trees and everything that came in the way. There were vast sheets of water all around and huge big waves everywhere.

Finally the water reached the village where the mother of the boys stood shivering looking at the gushing water. She saw it rushing towards her like a huge big



wall. She ran out into the garden and broke some twigs from a tree and planted them in a straight line whispering some magic chant. The water broke all over her and for a while she was under it, struggling to stand up.

But when the water touched the line of twigs the woman had planted, it started receding gradually. It did not go beyond the twigs so there was some land left beyond. But the water rushed all around it. Before long there was only a small island left with a vast sea surrounding it and other small islands that raised their heads above the water here and there. And the ocean covered a large part of the world ever since.

*- By Swapna Dutta*

## I was on the day shift

Shyam Ganesh and Mohan Rao went to a mining company for an interview. Shyam was called in first. The officer asked him if he had had any experience in underground mining.

"No," said Shyam.

"I'm sorry, we're looking for men with experience." Shyam Ganesh went out and advised Mohan Rao what to say.

Mohan Rao went in and the officer asked, "Have you had any experience in underground mining?"

"I was born underground," said Mohan.

"Have you ever worked a drill rig?"

"I know all there is to know about them."

"How deep underground have you worked?"

"Ten miles."

The officer grew suspicious, as he had never heard of a mine so deep. He decided to try a trick question: "What kind of lighting did they use down that deep?"

"I don't know," said Mohan Rao, "I was on the day shift."





# Copperfield in the Jungle

From the pen of  
Ruskin Bond

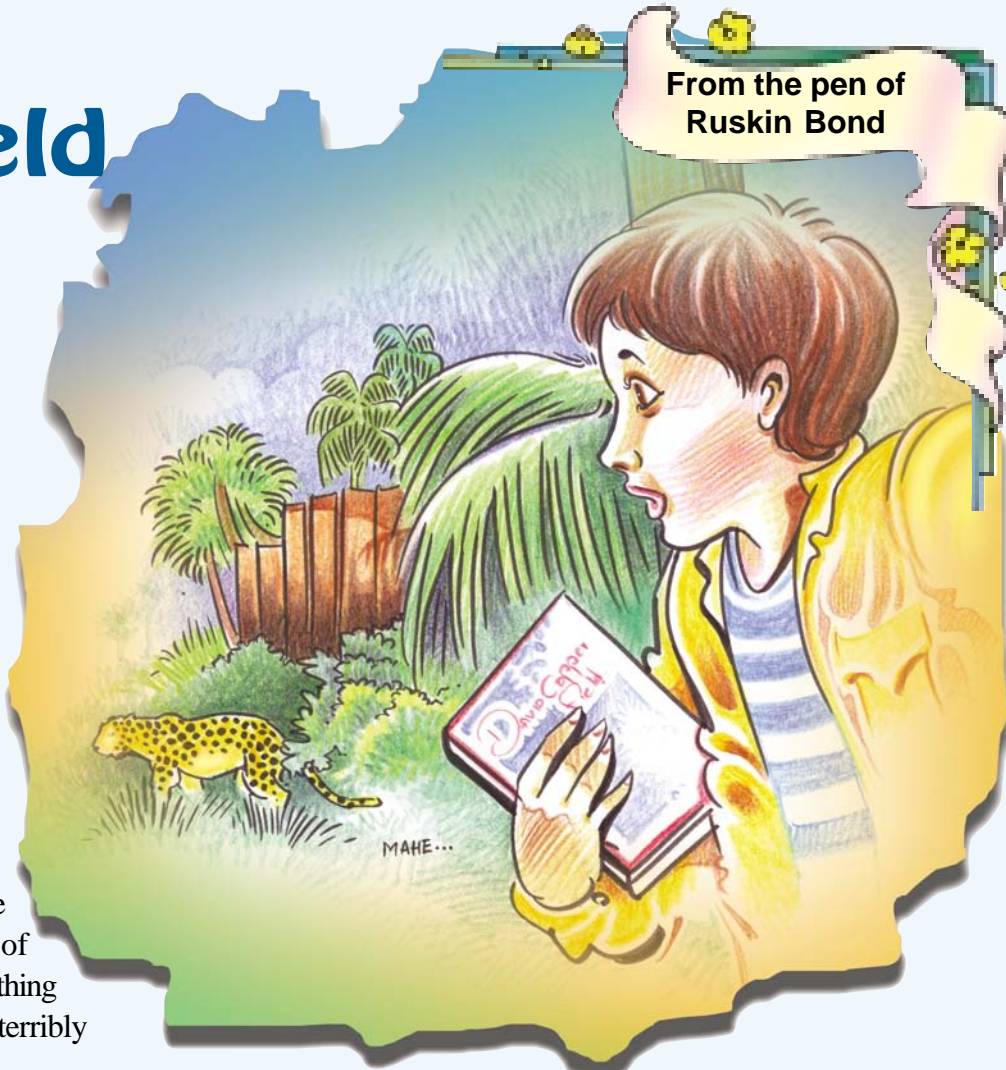
**G**randfather never hunted wild animals; he could not understand the pleasure some people obtained from killing the creatures of our forests. Birds and animals, he felt, had as much right to live as humans. There was some justification in killing for food most animals did but none at all in killing just for the fun of it.

At the age of twelve, I did not have the same high principles as those of grandfather. Nevertheless, I disliked anything to do with shikar or hunting. I found it terribly boring.

Uncle Henry and some of his sporting friends once took me on a shikar expedition into the Terai forests of the Siwaliks. The prospect of a whole week in the jungle as camp-follower to several adults with guns filled me with dismay. I knew that long, weary hours would be spent tramping behind these tall, professional-looking huntsmen. They could only speak in terms of bagging this tiger or that wild elephant, when all they ever got, if at all they were lucky, was a wild hare or a partridge. Tigers and excitement, it seemed, came only to Jim Corbett.

This particular expedition proved to be different from others. There were four men with guns, and at the end of the week, all that they had shot were two miserable, underweight wild fowls. But I managed, on our second day in the jungle, to be left behind at the rest-house. And, in the course of a morning's exploration of the old bungalow, I discovered a shelf of books half-hidden in a corner of the rear verandah.

Who had left them there? A literary forest officer? A



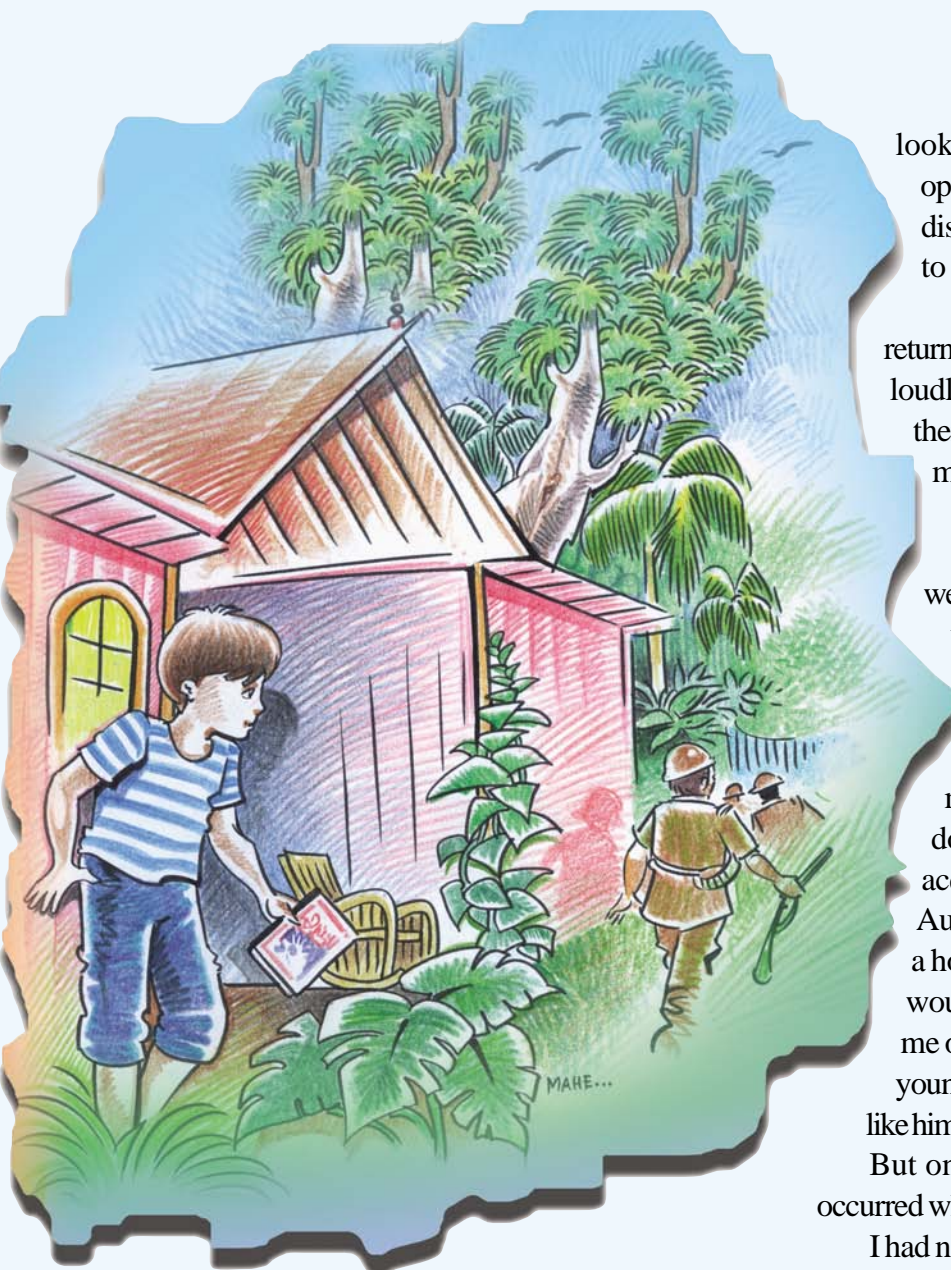
memsahib who had been bored by her husband's camp-fire boasting? Or someone who had no interest in the 'manly' sport of slaughtering wild animals and had brought his library along to pass the time?

Or possibly the poor fellow had gone into the jungle one day, as a gesture towards his more bloodthirsty companions, and been trampled by an elephant, or gored by a wild boar, or (more likely) accidentally shot by one of the shikaris- and his sorrowing friends at taken his remains away and left his books behind.

Anyway, there they were—a shelf of some thirty volumes, obviously untouched for many years. I wiped the thick dust off the covers and examined the titles. As my reading tastes had not yet formed, I was willing to try anything. The bookshelf was varied in its contents— and my own interests have since remained fairly universal.

On that fateful day in the forest rest-house, I discovered P.G. Wodehouse and read his *Love Among The Chickens*, an early Ukridge story and still one of





my favourites. By the time the perspiring hunters came home late in the evening, with their spent cartridges and lame excuses, I had made a start with M.R.James's *Ghost Stories of an Antiquary*, which had me hooked on ghost stories for the rest of my life. It kept me awake most of the night, until the oil in the kerosene lamp had finished.

Next morning, fresh and optimistic again, the shikaris set out for a different area, where they hoped to 'bag a tiger'. They had employed a party of villagers to beat the jungle, and all day I could hear their drums throbbing in the distance. This did not prevent me from finishing M.R.James or discovering a book called *A Naturalist on the Prowl* by E.H.Aitken.

My concentration was disturbed only once, when I

looked up and saw a spotted deer crossing the open clearing in front of the bungalow. The deer disappeared among the sal trees, and I returned to my book.

Dusk had fallen when I heard the party returning from the hunt. The great men were talking loudly and seemed excited. Perhaps they had got their tiger. I put down my book and came out to meet them.

"Did you shoot the tiger?" I asked excitedly.

"No, my boy," said Uncle Henry. "I think we'll bag it tomorrow. But you should have been with us—we saw a spotted deer!"

There were three days left and I knew I would never get through the entire bookshelf. So I chose *David Copperfield*—my first encounter with Dickens—and settled down on the verandah armchair to make the acquaintance of Mr.Micawber and his family, Aunt Betsy Trotwood, Mr Dick, Peggotty, and a host of other larger than life people. I think it would be true to say that *David Copperfield* set me off on the road to literature; I identified with young David and wanted to grow up to be a writer like him.

But on my second day with the book, an event occurred which disturbed my reading for a little while.

I had noticed, on the previous day, that a number of stray dogs—belonging to watchmen, villagers and forest guards—always hung about the house, waiting for scraps of food to be thrown away. It was 10 O'clock in the morning, a time when wild animals seldom come into the open, when I heard a sudden yelp in the clearing. Looking up, I saw a large leopard making off into the jungle with one of the dogs held in its jaws. The leopard had either been driven towards the house by the beaters, or had watched the party leave the bungalow and decided to help itself to a meal.

There was no one else about at the time. Since the dog was obviously dead within seconds of being seized, and the leopard had disappeared, I saw no point in raising an alarm which would have interrupted my reading. So I returned to *David Copperfield*. It was getting late when



the shikaris returned. They were dirty, sweaty, and as usual, disappointed. Next day we were to return to the city, and none of the hunters had anything to show for a week in the jungle. Swear words punctuated their conversation.

“No game left in these... jungles,” said the leading member of the party, once famed for having shot two man eating tigers and a basking crocodile in rapid succession.

“It’s this beastly weather,” said Uncle Henry. “No rain for months.”

“I saw a leopard this morning,” I said modestly.

But no one took me seriously. “Did you, really?” said the leading hunter, glancing at the book beside me. “Young Master Copperfield says he saw a leopard!”

“Too imaginative for his age,” said Uncle Henry. “Comes from reading too much, I suppose.”

“If you were to get out of the house and into the jungle,” said the third member, “you might really see a leopard! Don’t know what young chaps are coming to these days.”

I went to bed early and left them to their tales of the ‘good old days’ when rhinos, cheetahs, and possibly even the legendary phoenix were still available for slaughter.

Next day the camp broke up and we went our different ways. I was still only half-way through *David Copperfield*, but I saw no reason why it should be left behind to gather dust for another thirty years, and so I took it home with me. I still have it, a reminder of how I failed as a shikari but launched myself on a literary career.

## Meet the...

## Noanamas of Colombia

The Noanamas - a small group of about 3,000 living in the Choco region on Colombia's Pacific Coast - are a tribe with a strong sense of family. The household headed by the father of an extended family includes his wife, children, their spouses and children, and other relatives. Married children generally opt to stay with a family of one of their parents rather than set up a separate household. There is considerable flexibility in the constitution of the household and in the division of responsibilities. Primarily cultivators, the Noanamas also hunt, fish and gather wild fruit. They live in widely separated thatched wooden dwellings, built on piles along the riverbanks.

Apart from peach-palm for brewing beer, they cultivate maize, banana, sweet potato and various fruits.

They are good boatmen and carve their canoes expertly from a single log. The rivers are their highways and they travel great distances in their canoes. Women fish using baskets, nets and traps, whereas men use pronged spears and hooks for fishing. Men also fish at night with the help of torches. The women weave baskets in beautiful black and white patterns, and make elaborate pottery.

Noanama men are extremely beauty-conscious and decorate themselves more elaborately than their women. They often wear ornate silver ear pendants and bead necklaces and caps, and always dress up for ceremonial occasions. Young men of the tribe spend much time perfuming themselves with the bark and leaves of various fragrant plants. They also wear numerous coils of beads around their necks, which make movement of head difficult and give them a haughty appearance. Further, they dye their bodies in blue and red and wear flowers in their hair and ears.







**Send your questions to :**  
**Ask Away**  
**Chandamama India Ltd.**  
**No.82 Defence Officers Colony**  
**Ekkatuthangal, Chennai - 600 097**  
**or e-mail to**  
**[askaway@chandamama.org](mailto:askaway@chandamama.org)**

**Q** ***There is much similarity among the different religions, in matters of rituals like ringing of bells. Why should there be so much bickering among religious groups?***

***T.M. Sundararaman, Mylapore***

**A** Yours is more an observation than a question; but a fine observation. The spirit of all religions is the same – a quest for Truth. A religious faith is expected to expand our knowledge, teach us that Truth is vast, rich with many aspects. The first thing necessary to prepare ourselves for receiving that Truth is to come out of our ego. Yet, a religious faith, like any other platform, becomes a platform for exercising our collective ego.

Once there was a king who believed that God was infinite. One day he was disturbed when he heard that in the frontiers of his kingdom there was a sage who declared that God was both infinite and finite.

The king summoned the sage to his presence. "How dare you hold a view of God that is different from ours?" he demanded.

The sage said, "I'll answer that question only after you and your three ministers had

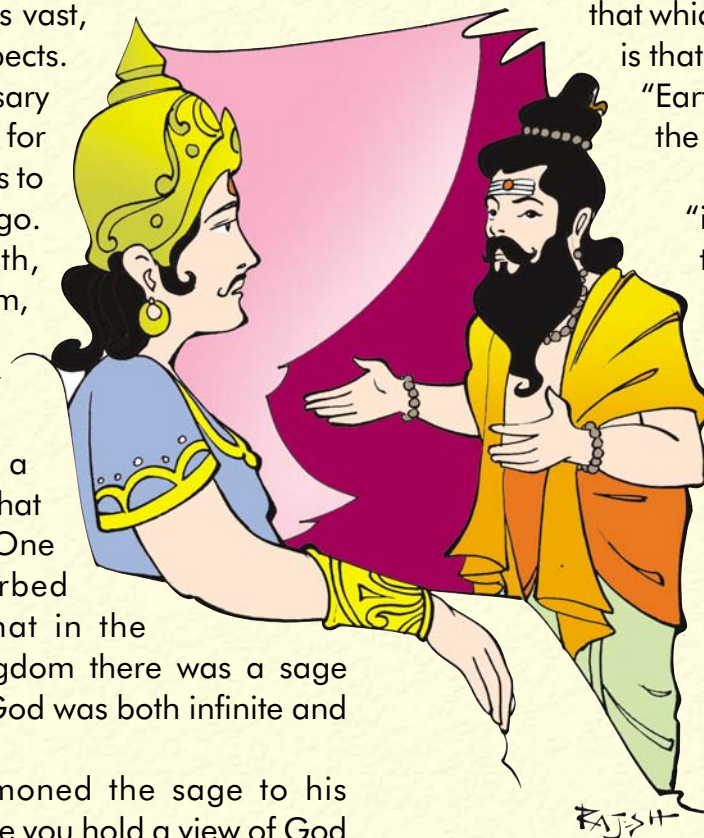
answered my question." The sage wrote down his question in four slips of paper and handed them to the king and his ministers, asking them to write the answers on the respective slips.

The sage collected them and read them out. To his question "What is earth?" the king's answer was: "Earth is that to which all of us would be reduced when dead."

The three ministers wrote: "Earth is that which gives us crops", "Earth is that on which we walk", and "Earth is that which lies under the sky".

"My lord," said the sage, "if to a simple question there could be four different answers, each one of which is true, why do you expect an answer to your question as to what is God must be the same? They can be different and yet true!" The king understood.

In ancient India, different religious faiths coexisted. Despite heated debates, there prevailed tolerance. Differences led to enmity only when some religious faiths tried to 'convert' others, at the cost of the true spirit of religion.



FAJSH





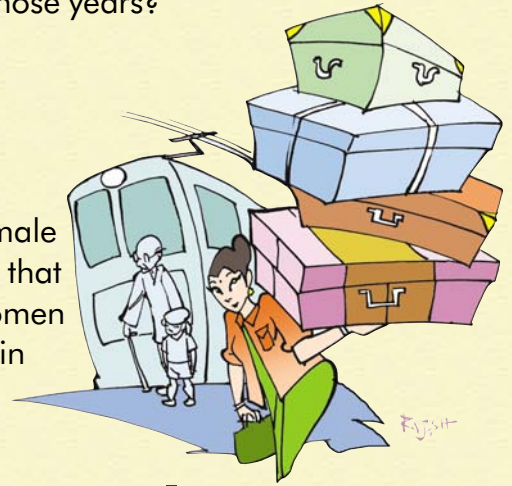
## House of tortoises



Mizoram, one of the northeastern States, has a population, a majority of whom are Christians. Christianity came to that State only a little more than a hundred years ago. The people celebrated the centenary of Christianity on a grand scale. They sang and danced to the beat of a huge drum. It was chiselled out of a huge tree—in fact, the biggest in Mizoram. When it was cut, the tree trunk was found to be hollow; it had housed ten tortoises! Were they living inside the tree all those years?

# Women porters

**T**he ruler of Bhavnagar in Gujarat kept a large retinue of male servants in his palace. When train service was inaugurated in that state and a station came up in Bhavnagar, he ruled that the women folk should be employed as porters. It is still the only station in India where female porters are on duty.

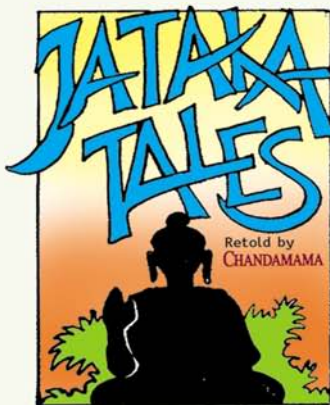


# Pigeon-mail

How do we send messages? One can easily think of post, telephone, fax, e-mail, telegraph, voice-mail, and other ultra-modern devices. Of course, we all have heard and read how pigeons were used for carrying messages. Did you think that this pigeon-mail has become obsolete? No, not at all. The police in Cuttack, in Orissa, has a loft on a terrace where a thousand pigeons are maintained and trained to carry messages to other police stations, especially those located in hilly regions. The pigeons, which carry the message in a tiny capsule tied to its leg, fly to the destination and return the same day, with the reply!



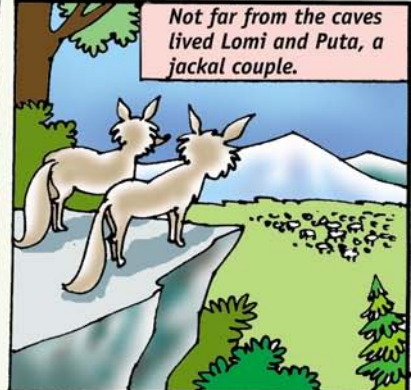




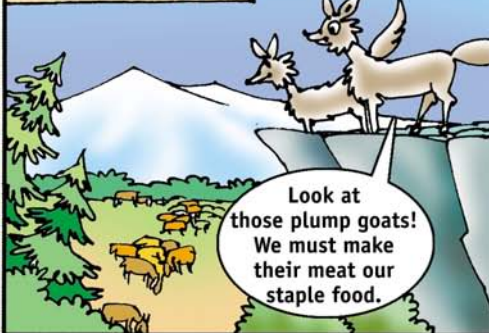
In the mountain caves of the Himalayas lived hundreds of goats.



Not far from the caves lived Lomi and Puta, a jackal couple.



One day Lomi and Puta set out in search of food.

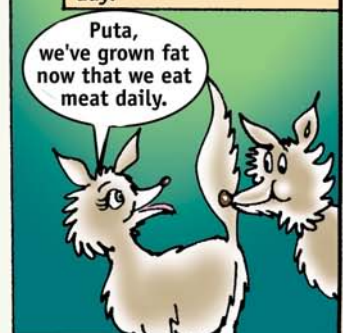


Look at those plump goats! We must make their meat our staple food.

So they grabbed some goats, killed them, and ate them.



This continued day after day.

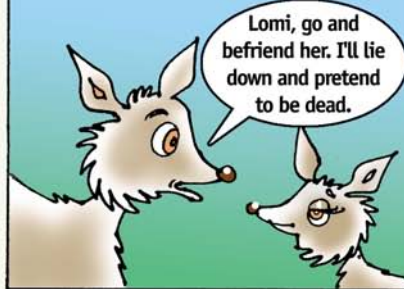


Puta, we've grown fat now that we eat meat daily.

Among the goats was Bakri, a fleshy she-goat. She was smart and clever and always eluded Lomi and Puta.



They hatched a plan to kill Bakri and have a feast of her.



Lomi, go and befriend her. I'll lie down and pretend to be dead.



You can then bring her to me. And I'll take care of the rest. She'll make a juicy bite.

As per their plan, Lomi made friends with Bakri.



My husband is dead. I'm all alone and need a friend.

Don't worry. I'll be your friend.

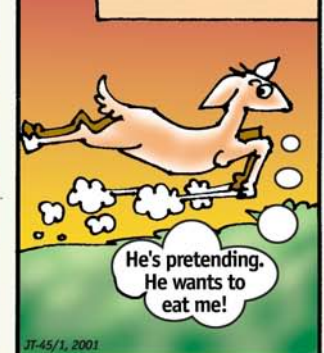
Lomi then led Bakri to Puta.



You're my only friend. You must come and pray for my husband's soul to rest in peace.

Puta, in his eagerness to kill Bakri, opened his eye.

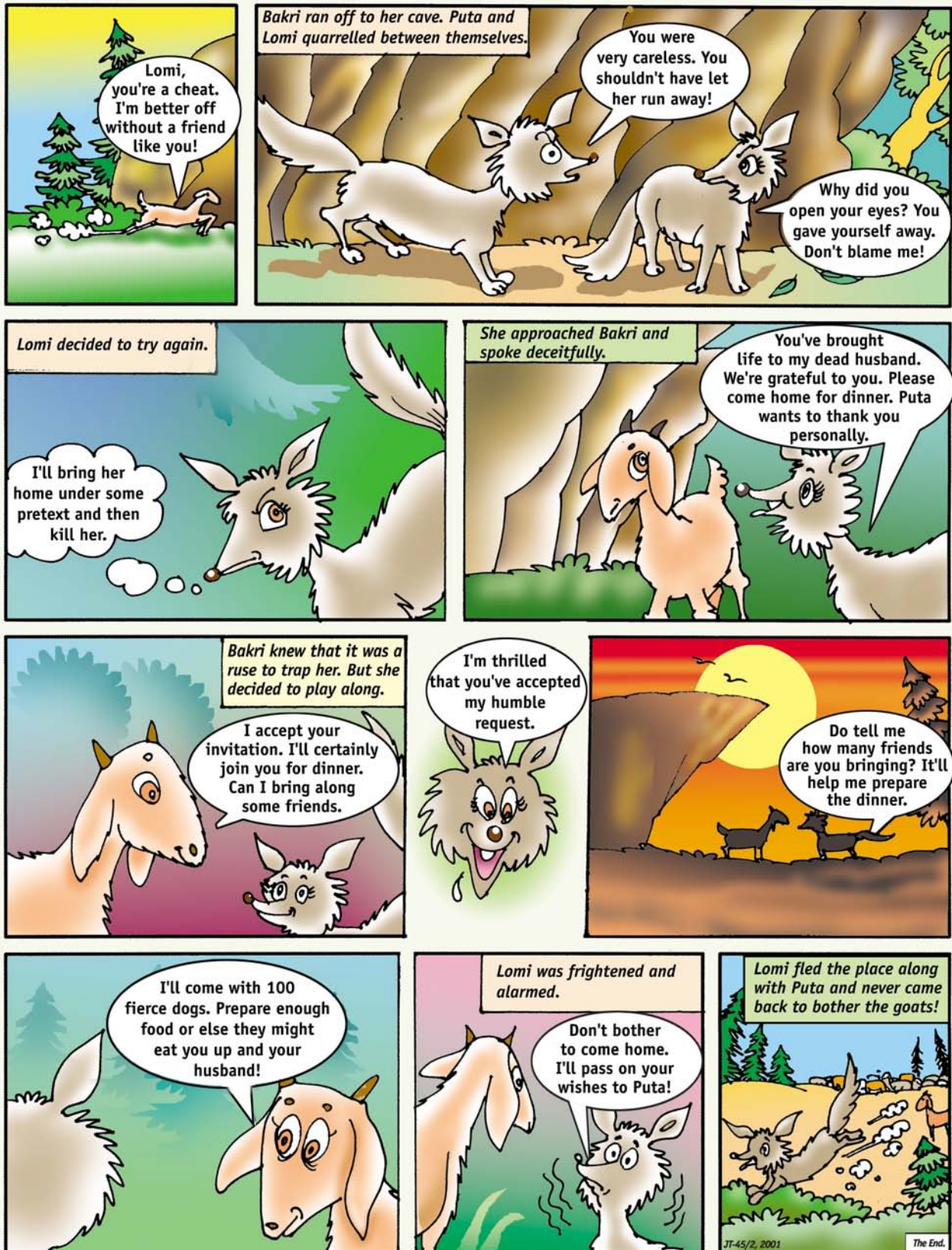
Smart Bakri noticed it.



He's pretending. He wants to eat me!

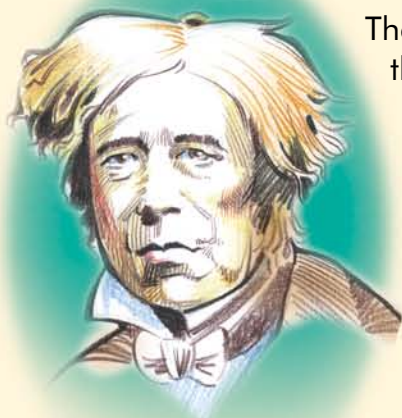
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# Science Fair



## Self-Improvement – the Faraday way

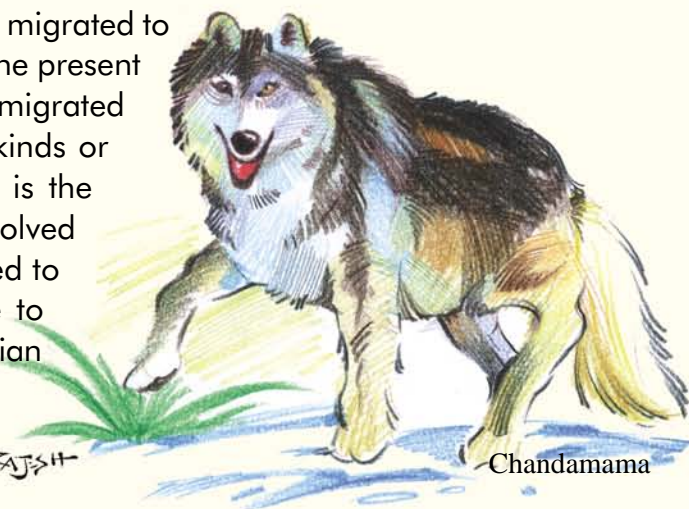
The British physicist, Michael Faraday (1791-1867), who discovered the laws of electromagnetism and invented the electric motor, had no formal education when he joined the Royal Institution as a lab assistant in the famous chemist Humphry Davy's laboratory. But he had a strong urge for self-improvement. He used to read books on science that came for binding in the book-binder's shop where he worked. Aware of his poor spellings, bad grammar and non-existent punctuation, he formed with his friends at the City Philosophical Society a 'mutual improvement plan' to meet periodically to read together, and to criticize, correct, and improve each other's pronunciation and construction of language!

## Did wolves originate in India?

**Y**es, wolves did originate in India. A team of scientists, Ramesh Aggarwal, J. Ramadevi and Lalji Singh of the Center for Cellular and Molecular Biology, Hyderabad, have discovered that the Indian wolves are the ancestors of all wolves presently found in the world. They are unique and represent a novel kind of wolves which, after evolution from jackals, subsequently migrated all over the world and formed different kinds or sub-species of wolves suiting the different local environments.

In India, two kinds or sub-species of wolves are found: one is the Himalayan wolf found in the upper reaches of the Himalayas. Their population is hardly 350. The other is the Indian Grey wolf found throughout peninsular India with a population of less than 1,500.

The need for scientific studies on Indian wolf obviously began with a concern for their dwindling numbers in the country. Scientists found that the Indian wolves are unique in themselves and are different and older from those found in China or Southeast Asia. In fact, the Indian wolf had evolved from an animal similar to jackal which had migrated to India 1 to 2 million years ago and had evolved to the present form in total isolation. Quite likely, some of them migrated to other regions of the world to evolve into new kinds or sub-species. In other words, the Himalayan wolf is the oldest wolf in the world and the ancestor of all. It evolved into the Grey Indian wolf as some of them migrated to the peninsular India. It is time efforts are made to conserve these two unique kinds or sub-species of Indian wolves with more rigorous controls and measures.





# Bringing Science by Rail!

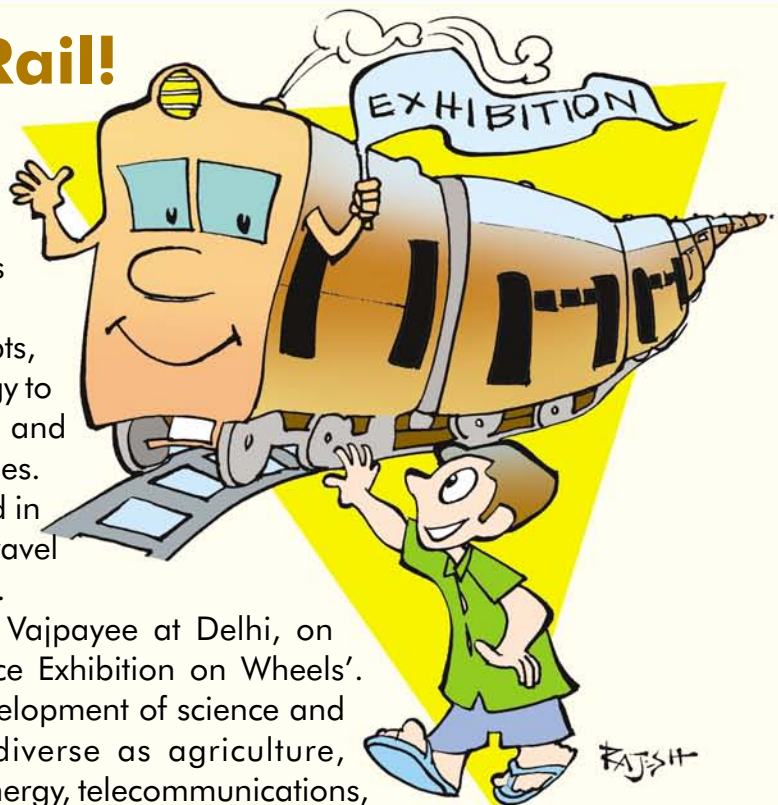
**M**any items, from vehicles to tinned food, are brought from factories to your doorstep via railways. Have you ever thought that 'science', too, would one day be brought to you by means of railways?

That's the latest effort in bringing the concepts, ideas and developments in science and technology to those who are living in small towns and villages and are unable to visit science museums located in cities. In other words, it is a 'Science Museum' arranged in the bogies of a specially built train which will travel from one town to another all over India this year.

Flagged off by Prime Minister Atal Behari Vajpayee at Delhi, on December 15 it is called 'Vigyan Rail – Science Exhibition on Wheels'. Consisting of huge colourful exhibits on the development of science and technology in India, touching subjects as diverse as agriculture, biotechnology, space, information technology, energy, telecommunications, defence, medicine, atomic energy, environment, etc, it gives you a glimpse into these latest fields and their status in India.

A visit to the science museum should not be a picnic. Go prepared to learn science and technology which are the driving force of our present civilization.

**- By Dilip M. Salwi**



## Science Quiz

1. Where is India's Cyclotron – the particle accelerator machine – located?  
(a) Mumbai (b) Kolkata (c) Shillong (d) Hyderabad
2. Which bird has the biggest egg?  
(a) Tawny owl (b) Moorhen (c) Ostrich (e) Duck
3. What is solid carbon dioxide also called?  
(a) Solcare (b) Dry ice (c) White carbon (d) Solid dioxide
4. Whose job does an e-mail do?  
(a) Newspaper vendor (b) Postman (c) Guard  
(d) Milkman
5. Who is the first man to stay alone in Antarctica for five months?  
(a) Ernest Shackleton (b) Cherry Garrad (c) Richard E. Byrd (d) None

**Answers:** 1.(b) 2.(c) 3.(b) 4.(b) 5.(c)

## SAYING OF A SCIENTIST

The path from dream to reality does exist. May you have the vision to find it, the courage to get onto it and the perseverance to follow it.

**- Kalpana Chawla**

An equation for me has no meaning unless it expresses a thought of God.

**- S.Ramanujan**

The eternal mystery of the world is its comprehensibility.

**- Albert Einstein**





# The Royal Ripple-counter

**L**ong ago, there lived in Srinagar a wealthy young man called Nityanand. His father had left him enough money and land. He leased out the fertile field to other farmers and earned a handsome amount of money every month. So there was no need for him to work for a living. He thus led a contented life with his family.

Nityanand's neighbour was none other than Somnath. He was a man of no special talents or qualities. But he and his family commanded much respect and had an air of authority. Was it because Somnath had a prestigious position, as an accounts officer, in the State? Nityanand could not help noticing the high status his neighbour enjoyed. However, he did not pay much attention to it until one day something happened that changed his attitude.

It so happened that one day the sons of the two neighbours began to quarrel while playing. Gradually it grew into a major fight. The mothers of the two boys, too, came out and joined the fray. Alas, the elderly women, Nityanand's wife Radha, and Somnath's wife Kanta, instead of pacifying their sons, began screaming at each other on top of their voices.

"You will soon realise the consequences of being rude to me, Radha! Your

man is nothing but a useless idler, whereas my husband is a respectable and trusted officer. Just wait and see what happens to you!" shouted Kanta and stormed back into her house, dragging her son with her.

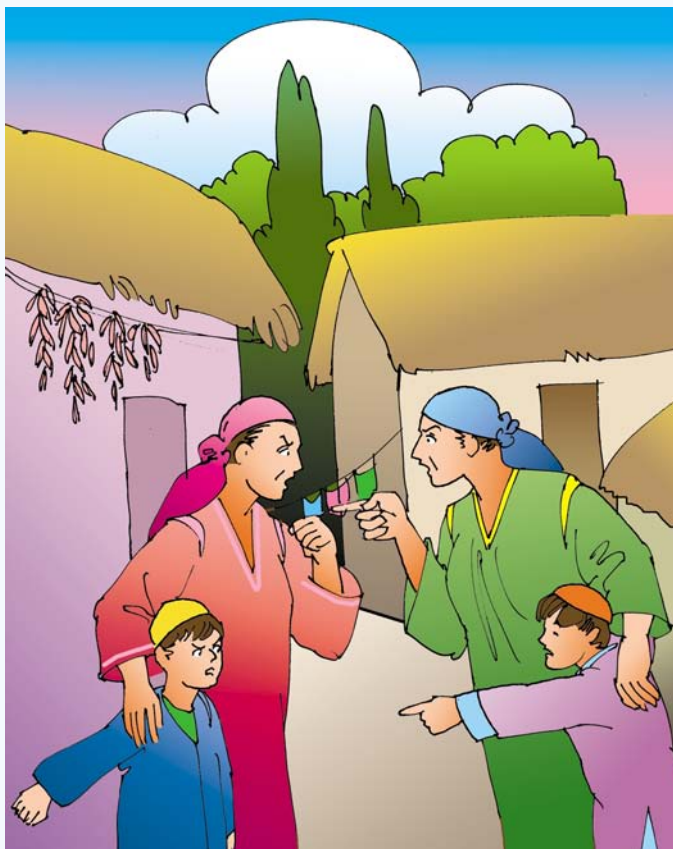
As days passed, Radha and her husband realised that their neighbours were in fact bent on troubling them. Egged on by his wife, Somnath, who enjoyed enough clout, began to harass Nityanand. He charged him with failing to pay the taxes. He had to make several rounds of the offices before he could prove his innocence.

Both Nityanand and Radha felt humiliated. "Only because you are not doing any a prestigious job like that of Somnath, his wife dared to call you a 'useless idler'!

Why don't you try to get yourself a good and respectable job so that we can teach that arrogant couple a good lesson?" lamented Nityanand's wife Radha with tearful eyes.

Nityanand began to ponder. Indeed, if he too could find a job that would put him in a position of power, none would dare harass him! Fired with a new zeal, he began his efforts straightaway.

In those days, local appointments were made by the governors of provinces, his who reported directly to the king. He met his governor and requested him for a job





in the administration – any job! However, the governor told him that there was no vacancy.

Undaunted, Nityanand pleaded again, “Sir, I need the job not for the sake of money, but to command some respect and prestige. I will be satisfied and happy even with a post that carries no salary. I’m ready to do any job. Please don’t disappoint me!”

The governor was amused at this unusual request. Why not humour this young man? – he thought.

But what work could be entrusted to such an obviously inexperienced person? The governor pondered for a while and then finally said, “There is only one job I can immediately give you. If you don’t mind, you are free to take up the task of counting the ripples on the river that flows through the city!”

So desperate was Nityanand for a job from the authorities that he readily accepted the offer.

He assumed his duties seriously. Armed with an appointment order bearing the royal seal and equipped with a ledger, he posted himself in a boat. In those days, the river was the main thoroughfare. So he moored his boat near a bridge at the busiest centre of the traffic, and began counting ripples.

The news spread like wildfire and within a few days, the new royal officer, the Ripple-counter, became the talk of the valley. People began speculating about the purpose of the unusual appointment. Nevertheless, his neighbours looked at Nityanand with respect and wonderment. After all he was carrying out the king’s decree! Radha also found that her importance had already risen in the neighbourhood, much to her gratification.

Encouraged by this response, Nityanand now began extending his authority to new fields. While recording his observations in his ledger, he began ordering all the boatmen not to disturb the ripples and upset his count. Under the pretext of counting, he would stop their boats for hours together.

Now, this was something the boatmen had not foreseen. They soon realised that they had to keep him in good humour if they wished to go about their business.



Before long, though Nityanand earned no salary, he started making good money from the boatmen.

At last, came his long-awaited opportunity. One day, while busy at his job, Nityanand was thrilled to notice Somnath and his family coming his way in a *shikara*, a typical boat of the region. They were decked in their best clothes, as they were going to attend a relative’s wedding.

As soon as the *shikara* was within hailing distance, Nityanand ordered, “Stop!”

Somnath wanted to know what the problem was, whereupon Nityanand informed him that his boat was interfering with the ripples that he was counting. Having ordered the boatman to stay put until he finished, he started counting ripples and recording his counts; recounting, checking and rechecking.

Time steadily ticked away. Hour after hour passed and Nityanand’s royal job was still not over! Somnath felt frustrated, as his presence was essential at the ceremony. However, he could not reprimand Nityanand who was on official duty!

Finally, he was forced to eat humble pie and request the gloating ripple-counter to let him go. Nityanand nodded and did let him pass with a meaningful smile.

Thereafter, Somnath and Kanta forgot their haughty attitude and took great care never to offend Nityanand and his family. In fact they became good friends.

**- Retold by Rajee Raman**



# Newsflash

## Flower colour

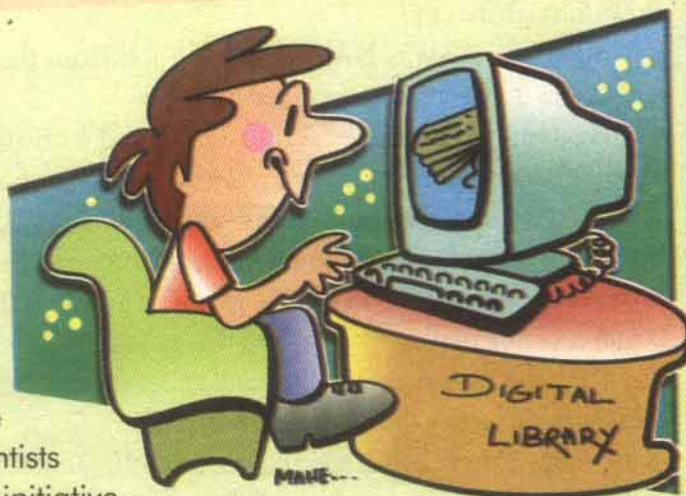


**A** new use has been found for flowers used in worship in temples. Instead of discarding them, the flowers are crushed for extracting dyes from the colour components in flowers. Research scientists in Jadavpur University in Kolkata have managed to extract three primary fast colours—red, yellow, and blue and used them for dyeing textiles. They are now trying to put these herbal dyes from the flowers to commercial use. They feel that there is tremendous scope for taking forward their experiments. It has been

estimated that West Bengal is the third largest producer of flowers, at 6,500 tonnes per day, in India, after Karnataka and Tamilnadu. About half of the total production supplied to local markets are used in temples and other religious institutions.

## Digital Library

**I**ndia's first Digital Library has come up in Trivandrum, Kerala. It was inaugurated by the President, Dr. A.P.J. Abdul Kalam. So far, some 30,000 books have been scanned for the library, which proposes to add every year 150,000 books and palm leaf manuscripts, in all Indian languages. The library will be accessible from any part of the country. The Digital Library of India is part of the Universal Library—a project promoted by some scientists at the Carnegie Mellon University in the USA. The initiative was taken by Dr. Raj Reddy.



## Popular Stamps

**T**he Department of Posts last year conducted a poll on the stamps issued in 2002. A stamp on the late Dhirubhai Ambani, founder of the Reliance Group, got the maximum number of votes. The second favourite was a stamp on Kathakali, one of the series on India-Japan friendship. Incidentally, the Japanese dance-drama, Kabuki, has resemblances with Kathakali. The third favourite was a stamp on the Indian army's success on Everest.



## Awake to win a contest

**H**su Wen-Chieh (28) and Liu Hsiang-yin (23) won a contest to keep awake for the longest time. These Taiwanese man and woman did not sleep for 72 hours at a stretch and won the contest. They beat 17 other participants and shared the prize money of the equivalent of US \$10,000. While receiving the prize, they took a vow: not to deny themselves of sleep for such long durations.



## Age is no bar

**K**imani Enganga Maruge is a student of Class I in a Primary School in Eldorey, in Kenya. "What is so special about it?" you may ask. Kimani is 84 years old and he goes to school with the help of a walking stick. His classmates are 6 and 7-year-olds. In 2002, Kenya made Primary education free. Kimani receives a pension as a fighter for Kenya's independence. He found it difficult to even count the money! He also regretted that he is not able to read the Holy Bible.

These reasons prompted him to get himself admitted to a school for the first time in life. Kimani has 32 grandchildren, of whom two study in the same school. But they are his 'seniors' in school!



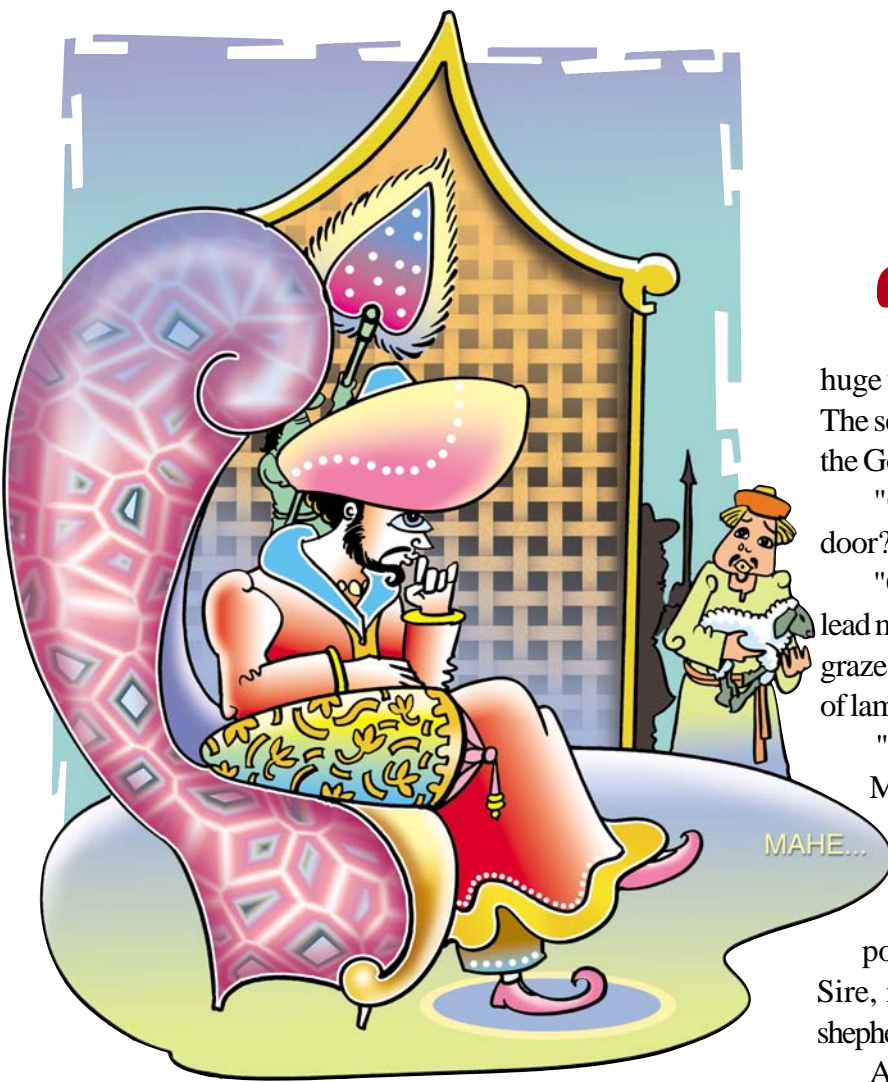
## No "light" reading, this

**A** comprehensive book on Bhutan, weighing 130lb and as large as a dining table, was sold for US \$10,000 in Seattle, USA. The Guinness Book of World Records has certified it as the largest book in the world. The sale proceeds are being utilised to finance educational programmes in Bhutan. The book, titled *A Visual Odyssey Across the Last Himalayan Kingdom*, has some rare photographs.





# The Bold and the Lucky



**A**li Mardan was the Governor of Kashmir, about five centuries back. He was the agent of Shah Safvi of the Abba Sayeed dynasty of Kandahar (present day Afghanistan). He was young, strong and bold, intelligent and ambitious, yet fair and just. He served his master and also the people well. His master trusted him. The people loved him.

One day a shepherd arrived at the gate of his mansion. The man was almost in tears. The sentries at the gate blocked his entry. The shepherd begged, "Have pity on me! Let me in. I need help. Only the Governor can help me."

"Let me find out if master will see you now." One of the sentries moved off. The shepherd waited, hoping against hope. Finally the sentry returned. "What did the master say? Would he meet me?" the shepherd's voice hovered between hope and despair.

"Cheer up, man. I shall take you to the presence of my master," the sentry grinned. He led the shepherd to a

huge well-lit hall. On a cushioned seat sat Ali Mardan. The sentry bowed. The shepherd ran forward and fell at the Governor's feet.

"On your feet, my man. What brings you to my door?" Ali Mardan's voice rang clear and sharp.

"O Noble Sire, I need your help. I am a shepherd. I lead my lambs every day to the hills around my village to graze. Almost every second or third day, I lose a couple of lambs," the man spoke falteringly.

"Because of your carelessness, perhaps?" Ali Mardan growled.

"No, Your Honour. In one of the caves on the hills lives a huge python. It is very poisonous. It eats up my lambs even while I watch. I'm powerless against the python. I beg you, O Noble Sire, rid the hills of the python. Save me and other shepherds of my village from certain ruin," the man begged.

Ali Mardan thought for a moment. "Good that you came to me, my man. It is now *my* problem. I shall get rid of the python. Wait for me. I come to your village tomorrow." Ali Mardan sent the man back with the assurance.

But how could he kill the python? Ali Mardan considered various plans. Finally he hit upon the ideal strategy.

Next day, he rode out of his mansion, all alone. He took the road that led to the village of the shepherd. The shepherd was waiting at the entrance to the village. He paid homage to the Governor.

Ali Mardan told him, "Lead me to where the python's cave is. Bring along a couple of lambs, two sacks of unslaked lime (limestone, quick lime), and fine thread and needle.

The shepherd did not ask him why he wanted them. His was to obey. And obey he did.

Soon the shepherd set out for the hills. He led two lambs along. Right behind him came two men, each one



carrying a bag of unslaked lime. Ali Mardan set his horse into a canter. The party headed for the hills. Soon they neared the cave.

"Kill the two lambs. Cut them open. Fill them up with the lime. Sew them up and leave them close to the mouth of the cave," said the Governor.

The men carried out his orders.

"Go home in peace. Your trouble ends today," Ali Mardan assured them.

The shepherds felt immensely relieved. They sank on their knees, kissed the ground, paid homage to the Governor and quickly backed out of his presence.

Ali Mardan had time on hand. He went round, surveying the area. His eyes lit up when he saw a water hole close by. He returned to where the cave was and took his position behind a tree from where he could get a clear view of the cave. He waited all day long. Dusk fell. The shadows spread. Yet there was no sign of the python.

Then he heard a rustling sound. He peered through the failing light and spotted the hazy shadow of the python. He gaped, heart in his mouth. The python slithered to where the lambs were. It gobbled up the lambs, stretched and contracted its body. Its body swelled and caved in, alternately, as the food slipped down its throat and on to its stomach.,

Ali Mardan knew what the python would do next. The python

proved him right. It edged toward the water hole. The governor followed the python on foot keeping a safe distance. The python started drinking. The water ran into the unslaked lime sewed up inside the lambs. The lime crackled and released intense heat. The heat killed the python almost instantly. .

A smile touched Ali Mardan's lips. He felt happy. His plan had worked.

Then a thought came to him. He had heard it said that pythons often guarded rich treasures. Could it be true? Ali Mardan went back to the cave. He searched the cave. He could not believe himself. For the cave was a real treasure trove. And now he owned it all. He was bold; and he was lucky, too.

**- By R.K. Murthi**



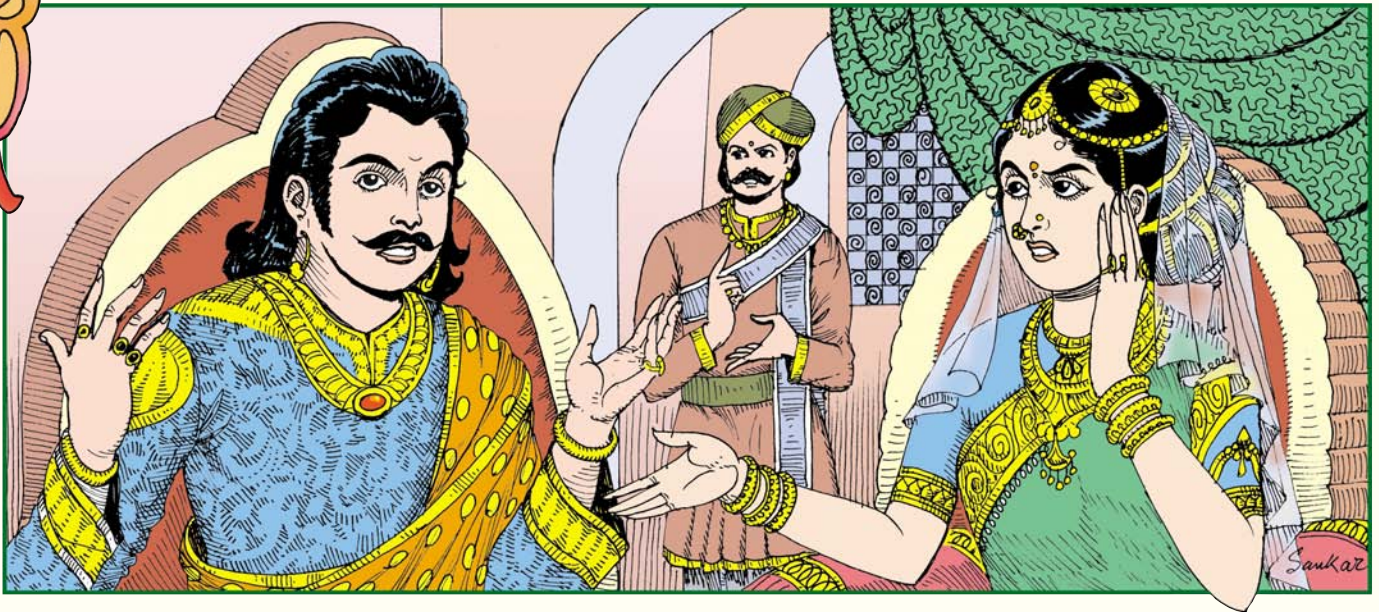
## That's Science for you

## Compass



By the third century AD, Chinese scientists had studied and learned much about magnetism in nature. For example, they knew that iron ore, called magnetite, tended to align itself in a North/South position. Scientists learned to "make magnets" by heating pieces of ore to red hot temperatures and then cooling the pieces in a North/South position. The magnet was then placed on a piece of reed and floated in a bowl of water marked with directional bearings. These first navigational compasses were widely used on Chinese ships by the eleventh century AD.





**T**he King of Suvarnapur, Suval Dev, was brave and ambitious. His dynasty had a traditional enemy in the ruling dynasty of Vratashila, the kingdom adjoining his. Though the present King of Vratashila was no threat to him, Suval Dev was not sure if the enemy would not strike him in the future. Since he had organized an excellent army, he wished to attack and liquidate the enemy for good.

Suval Dev's queen expressed disapproval. "My lord, what's the use of waging war when peace is prevailing? We have heard that the King of Vratashila is ailing. Our spies say that he is in no position to do any harm to us. Why create enmity when there can be friendship?"

The minister supported the queen and said, "your majesty, I agree that the previous king of that land was treacherous towards us. But today the situation is different. The present king is gentle and peace loving. The course of a war can never be totally unforeseen. True, the King of Vratashila is ailing, but his subjects love him. His son, the young prince, is loved even more. Even if we defeat his army, the people of Vratashila may revolt and we will have no peace."

"Who knows if the popular prince would not prove a menace to us once the king is dead? Better we strike

and annex the kingdom when we are in a position to do so. Revolts are to be suppressed. That's all," said King Suval Dev.

So, the army of Suvarnapur invaded Vratashila. To Suval Dev's surprise, the King of Vratashila, despite his illness, not only led his army personally, but dared to make a frontal attack on Suval Dev who was wounded. But he succeeded in killing his enemy. Suval Dev was the victor. Vratashila was annexed. However, the victory brought no cheers to Suval Dev, for the wound he had received grew worse day by day. He suffered for a year and then died.

He had left behind only a daughter and no son. The queen resolved to find a boy of noble nature who could be adopted by her. The minister and some of the courtiers began roaming the kingdom, in search of an eligible young man.

After a week, the minister thought that it would be wise to keep an eye on the students studying at the Gurukul of an illustrious sage in the nearby forest. One day, at sunset, he and his companions, posing as travellers, sat down on a rock and observed the boys of the Gurukul playing near a grove. One of the boys appeared to be loved and respected by all and he looked very dignified, too. As they were playing, a stone



suddenly coming from nowhere hit his forehead. He started bleeding. While some of his playmates kept busy looking for a certain herb, the juice of which could heal the wound, others ran in different directions to find out the source of the flying stone. They dragged a man from the other side of the grove and produced him before their leader.

“He must be punished,” said one.

“Certainly. Let’s hurl a few stones aiming at his forehead,” said another.

But their leader looked at the man calmly and asked, “Why did you throw the stone?”

“I was awfully hungry. I saw a ripe guava on a high branch of a tree. I wanted to bring it down,” replied the man, feeling guilty.

“Did you get the guava?” asked the leader of the boys.

“Yes, indeed, I did. But sorry, I’ve already eaten it up,” said the man.

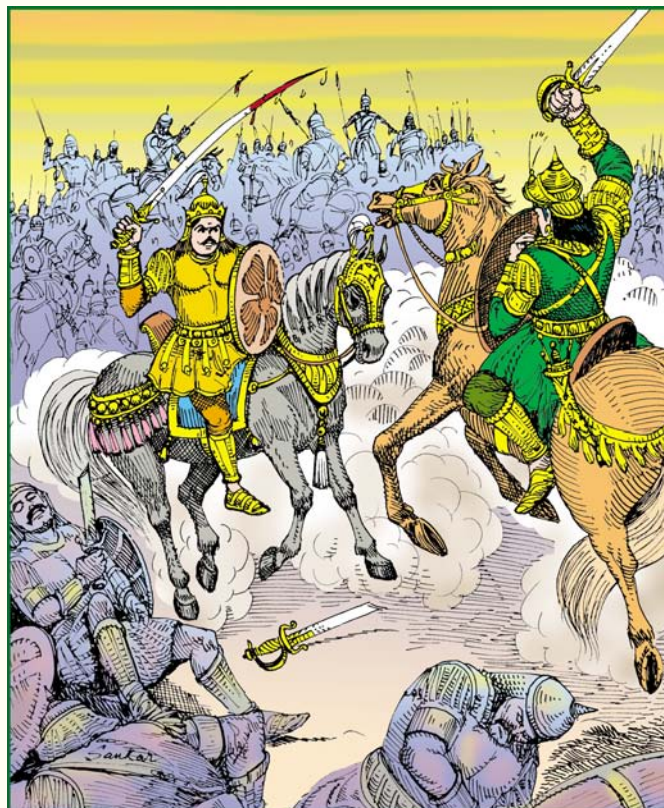
“I hope you’ve no more hunger,” asked the boy again.

The man hemmed and hawed and said, “Well, at least I can walk up to the village beyond this forest and eat some food at the temple there. I would have fainted had I not eaten the fruit.”

“Come on, we’ll feed you at our ashram kitchen. It’s about to grow dark. It’s not safe to walk through the forest now. You can go away in the morning,” said the boy as he began leading the stranger to his hut.

“Friend, what’s this? Must you help a fellow who hit you?” demanded some of the other boys.

“My friends, what did the tree do to him when he hit it with the stone? Didn’t it give him its fruit? If a tree could do that, shouldn’t I do better being a human being,

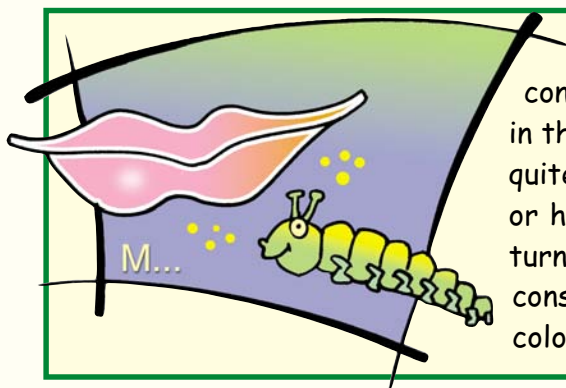


when I was hit in the same manner? If the tree yielded him a guava, I must give him a dinner!” replied the boy.

“This is royalty at its best! Fantastic. Who could be this boy?” the minister, who was listening to the conversation, whispered to his companions.

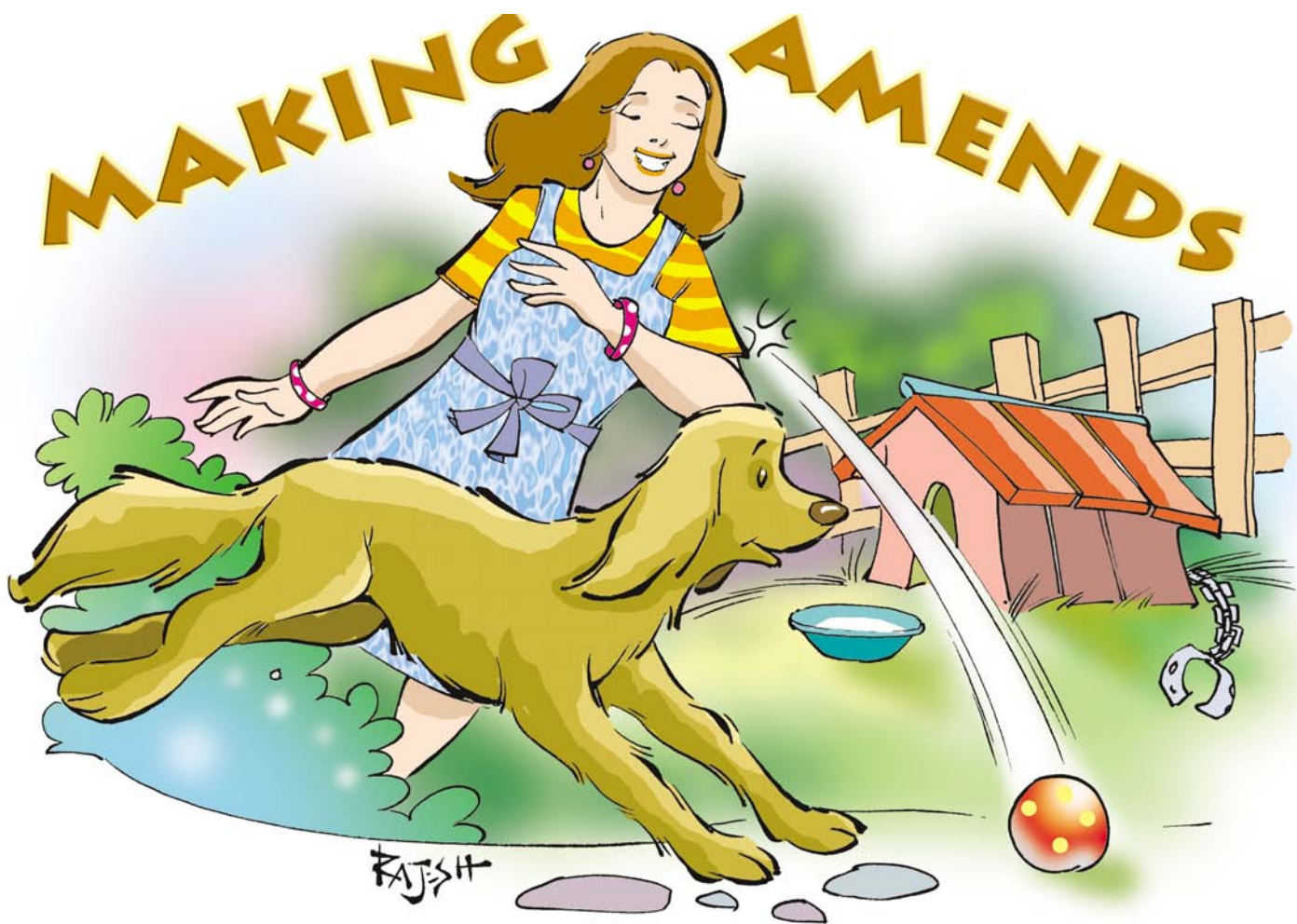
The amazed minister and his party followed the boys. He identified himself to the sage, who revealed that the boy was none other than the prince of Vratashila.

The minister, at the instance of the queen, met the Queen of Vratashila and thereafter the two queens met. The princess of Suvarnapur married the prince of Vratashila. Needless to say, the prince became the king of the two lands united under him and indeed, he proved to be a wise and compassionate ruler.



Human lips have a reddish colour because of the great concentration of tiny capillaries just below the skin. The blood in these capillaries is normally highly oxygenated and therefore quite red. This is why the lips appear pale when a person is anemic or has lost a great deal of blood. It also explains why the lips turn blue in very cold weather - cold causes the capillaries to constrict, as the blood loses oxygen and changes to a darker colour.





**E**lsie—a lean, slight, young teenage girl—was an only child of her parents. Since she was their only child, they loved her excessively and made all possible efforts to keep their little daughter always happy and satisfied. They provided for all her needs and even tried to fulfil as many of her wants as they could within the limited income of the father. Elsie was too content to have all what she had been provided for by them and felt extremely fortunate in having such lovely and caring parents.

Elsie had a pet dog that she called Annie. Annie was a lovely female dog of mixed breed. Elsie got a beautiful kennel built for her in their front garden and put some litter on its floor for Annie to sit or sleep on. She kept her chained only at night. In the morning, she let her out to roam freely in the garden at the back as well as at the front of their house.

All day Annie watched the passers-by as well as those visiting their house with the vigilance of a hawk, and fiercely yapped and howled at the slightest suspicion of danger. So watchful and alert was she all the time that

no one could dare enter their house unless escorted by Elsie, her mother or father.

After school in the afternoon, Elsie spent most of her time playing with Annie in their front garden; but first, she would give her a bath. While playing, mostly she threw her Frisbee or her tennis ball and Annie fetched it for her. She often got so much absorbed in play that she clean forgot to watch even her most favourite programme on the TV. She loved Annie so much that every morning, until she had walked her in the park near their house and fed her properly, she would not leave for school. And these chores she always did punctually.

One morning, when Elsie woke up, she found Annie lying motionless in the kennel. It didn't take her more than a few minutes to discover that Annie was no more. She retreated to her room, crying her eyes out. Her parents were also too shocked — like a member of their family as she was — but collecting themselves somehow, they hurried into her room and tried to console her, saying they would give her another dog as lovely as her Annie.



But Elsie would not stop crying. She kept on until she cried herself to sleep. For days she was down with grief. With the passing of time, however, she somehow reconciled herself to the reality of the situation and learned to live her life without her Annie.

On the other hand, while her parents had told her they would give her another dog, they were in reality not willing to do so, fearing a similar tragedy might strike their family again and could do untold damage to their little daughter.

★★★★★

Elsie started going to school on her bicycle instead of riding the school bus. It saved her bus fare. It also saved her much time, as on its way to school the bus took many turns and stopped at several places to pick up children and, therefore, took much more time than it usually took her to get there riding on her cycle, on a largely straight road.

One morning, several weeks after Annie died, Elsie was cycling to school, when she caught sight of some puppies frisking and playing in the front garden of one of the houses along the road. She turned back at once and, in order to look them at close quarters, slowed her cycle almost to a halt as she neared the garden gate.

They were four in number. Two of them were black with white spots and two completely white. They were all pleasantly fat and round, and appeared to be hardly more than a month old. The mother dog was not there with them at the time, nor was there any member of the house.

Their sight, while bringing back to her the pleasant memories of the time spent with her Annie, also awakened the terrible memory of her death and its aftermath. She experienced a pang of sadness.

Seeing no one about, Elsie stood there for some time watching them frisking and playing, then, realizing that she was getting late for school, she turned round and moved ahead.

By the time her school was over, she had made up her mind that on her way back home she would request the

household to give her one of the puppies. The head of the household — a lady, in the autumn of her life, who appeared to be a kind and generous soul — entertaining Elsie's request, agreed to hand her one of the puppies.

But only on condition that she would take proper care of it, and should she ever feel she no longer wanted to keep it, she would return it to them forthwith. Elsie gave the lady her 'word of honour' that she would do exactly as she wished her to, and headed back home, happily carrying one of the white ones.

Trouble started from the very moment she brought the little fellow home. He started crying and would not stop despite all her efforts. She cuddled and petted him, ruffled his soft hair gently and affectionately, dangled various objects in front of his eyes — to attract his attention, or rather distract him from crying—, tried to feed him and so on and so forth, but all to no avail.

At last he stopped, but only after having cried himself to sleep.

Hours later when he woke up from sleep in the evening, Elsie tried several times to feed him. But he would not even open his mouth, let alone accept anything. This was a very serious and worrisome affair, as this way he was certainly not going to survive more than a few hours.

Out of a strong feeling of anxiety, Elsie took him at





once to Dr Paul's dog clinic, her father accompanying her. After examining him, the doctor declared him to be absolutely free from any illness or disease. Then he asked Elsie a few questions about the dog.

As soon as Dr Paul came to know how she had acquired the dog and in what condition he was there, he strongly advised her to return him to his former home forthwith, otherwise he would definitely not survive.

"He is too young to be separated from his family. He seems to be suffering from the pain of separation," Dr Paul observed, as Elsie and her father got up to leave his clinic.

While retuning home, Elsie realised it was a mistake on her part to separate him from his family at 'so young' an age. She decided to make amends immediately.

When Elsie arrived at the lady's house with the puppy in her hands, she did not look surprised at all to see her, as though she had expected it to happen. Sooner or later.

The moment the puppy saw his mother and siblings, he wriggled out of Elsie's hands and, making the all familiar

sound puppies make, scampered towards them and, instead of reaching out for her mother's udders for milk, started playing with them.

His joy of reuniting with his family seemed to have overpowered his pain of hunger—for now at least.

As Elsie stood watching him playing and frisking about, her eyes got wet with tears. She felt a kind of pleasure mingled with pain: pleasure at seeing him happy and lively as before, and pain at her not being able to retain him.

But her pleasure, generated by the realisation that the puppy was happy and lively as before, very soon began influencing and diluting her sorrow. And by the time she reached home, her sorrow had completely vanished.

Elsie now realised how her own parents had doted on her trying to make her happy in every way they could. She returned home somewhat a changed girl. She had an experience she never had before.

- By Sanjay Srivastav



## Clever in a fortnight

Amal, son of a wealthy merchant, overheard people saying behind his back, "What a pity, Amal is so rich yet he is so stupid!"

'I must do something about it,' thought Amal. One day, he asked a fisherman, whom he considered clever: "Do you know of any easy way to grow clever?"

"Of course, I know," said the fisherman reassuringly. "If you eat the head of a big fish every day, you will become cleverer!"

Amal bought the head of a fish from the same fisherman every day paying him one rupee. A fortnight later, he went to the market and demanded of the fisherman: "A whole fish is available for a rupee. Why are you charging a rupee for the head alone?"

"See how clever you have grown in the last one fortnight!" observed the fisherman.





### FOREIGNERS, BUT COUSINS TOO



Neha was having a quarrel with her mother. "Mummy, why do I have to meet them? They're so big and they are foreigners, even if they're my cousins. I shall not meet them. You may go."

Her mother said, "Neha *beti*, they've come all the way from Canada to meet us. You don't know when you will meet them next."

Neha said, "But, Mummy, they're thirty and I'm twelve. What do I talk to them about? Besides, they may have an accent which I won't understand. What do I do then?"

Her mother told her, they would wait and see what would happen. Though Neha did not want to, she still went to meet her cousins.

Neha was very happy that she went. Her cousins were very excited to see her. They made her feel special and gave her a lot of importance. They spoke to her about her school, hobbies, and friends. They made her laugh with all the funny expressions they made. They also got her a big packet of chocolates. One of them even took her house address and told her he would write to her. He called Neha "my Indian princess cousin" and also "my special delicate flower."

On the way home, Neha told her mother, "Mummy, I'm so glad I listened to you and went to meet my cousins. I had a very nice time. They are so nice. From today I realise that I must not have a block in my head about something or someone. I must not be narrow-minded about people and where they come from. I must look at every opportunity as something to learn from. Thank you, mummy, for making me realise this and for encouraging me to move out of my fixed ideas about people. This has enabled me to enjoy myself and make new friends."

*We must learn to be open to new ideas and people, and not judge them before we meet them.*

**Clerisa Rebello (10), Pune**





## SKIPPING OVER RAINBOWS

Skipping over puddles,  
 Skipping over stones,  
 Fishbones, wishbones, old pine cones,  
 Skipping over rainbows  
 Way up so high.  
 How many times can you touch the sky?  
 Wave your hand and say 'Good-bye'!

*Saira Alam (13) Cuttack*

## THE SHADOWS

You may be a man,  
 You may be a woman;  
 You may be of any caste,  
 You may be of any creed;  
 But shadows are

Of the same colour.

Let you be touchable,  
 Let you be untouchable;  
 Let you be ugly,  
 Let you be beautiful;  
 But shadows

Do not discriminate you.

May be you are rich,  
 May be you are poor;  
 May be you are black,  
 May be you are white;  
 But the shadows

Always remain dark.



*Ashish R.Pareek (14)  
 Nagothane, Maharashtra*





**Illiterate :**  
Doctor, so you assure me, I would be able to read with the new glasses?

**Ophthalmologist :**  
Why not?

**Illiterate :** That is fantastic. I never learnt to read!

**K. Harish Kumar (10), Bellary**

**Angry passenger :**  
What's the use of printing a time-table when trains don't run on time?

**Station Master :**  
Without a time-table, how can you know whether a train is running late or not?



**G.R. Venkatesh (12), Jaggayyapet**



**Monu :** How long can a man live without brain?

**Manu :** I don't know. How old are you?

**Arvind Kumar Pandey (13), Gorakhpur**

**Rocky :** Vicky, why do you borrow my maths notebook frequently?

**Vicky :** Once I found a 100 rupee note in it. I am hoping to find another one.



**S.R. Vinod Kumar (14), Bangalore**



**Mother :**  
Ramu, time is very precious. It will keep ticking away. So, don't waste it.

**Ramu :** Don't worry, Mom, I've already removed the

battery from the clock.

**M. Shruthi (9), Mysore**

**Father:** How many questions did you get in today's exam?

**Son :** Ten questions, Dad.

**Father :** And how many did you leave out?

**Son :** The first six and the last four.



**D. Chaitanya (10), Mahboobnagar**

**Chandana :** How old is your grandpa?

**Sonu :** I don't know, but we have had him for a long time.



**P.T. Shashank (14), Bangalore**



## RIDDLES

1. Which is a dress we cannot wear?



2. It has two hands, but it cannot clap.

**Atima Katariya (10), New Delhi**

3. Why are cows given bells?



**Kausalya S. (7), Bangalore**



4. Why was the dog afraid of fire?

5. How many books can you put into an empty school bag?



**Cecil D'Cruz (10), Mumbai**

## WORD PUZZLE

In this puzzle, nobody will blame you if you commit a SIN! Each word below has SIN in it. With the help of the clues, complete the word.

1. Your aunt's child: \_ \_ \_ SIN
2. Burn slightly : SIN \_ \_
3. Wash bowl : \_ \_ SIN
4. From then till now :  
SIN \_ \_
5. Not plural : SIN \_ \_ \_ \_
6. Dried grape : \_ \_ \_ SIN
7. Honest and true : SIN \_ \_ \_
8. Character in Arabian Nights :  
SIN \_ \_ \_ \_

**C.M. Kiran (11), Mysore**

**Answers :**

**RIDDLES :**

1. Address
2. Clock
3. Because their horns do not work
4. Because he did not want to become a hot-dog.
5. One. After that, the bag would not be empty.

**WORD**

**PUZZLE :**

1. Cousin
2. Singe
3. Basin
4. Since
5. Singular
6. Raisin
7. Sincere
8. Sindbad

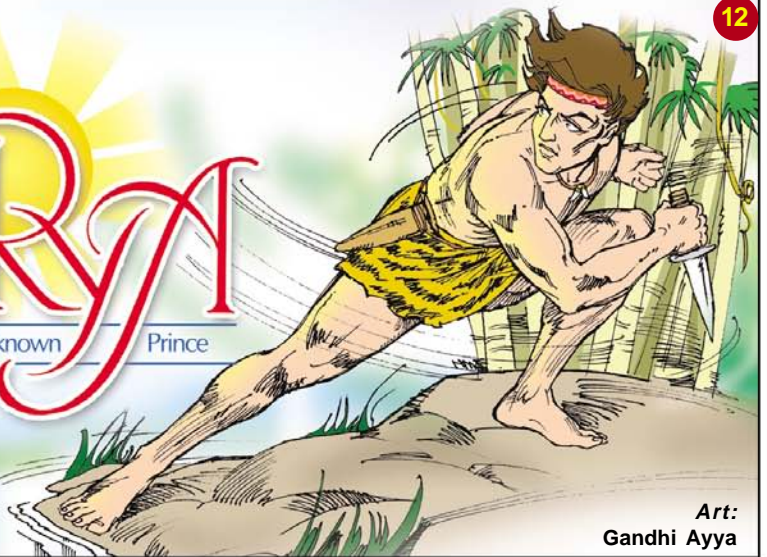


The usurper to the Shantipur throne, Vir Singh finds all his plans being thwarted. He wants rice confiscated from landlords exchanged for weapons. An arrow shot into the durbar carries a message of warning quoting his own words. Is there a spy in the Court? Army camps keep the soldiers under alert.

# ARYA

The Mystery of the Unknown Prince

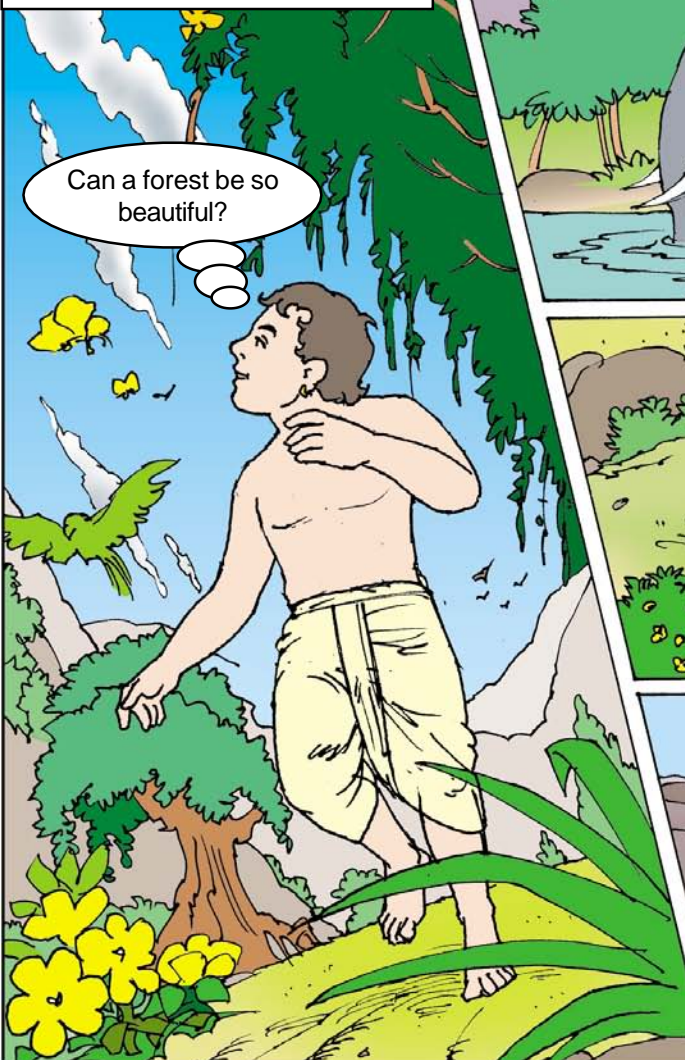
12



Art:  
Gandhi Ayya

Years pass. The infant, named Arya by Jayanand, is now a handsome five year old boy.

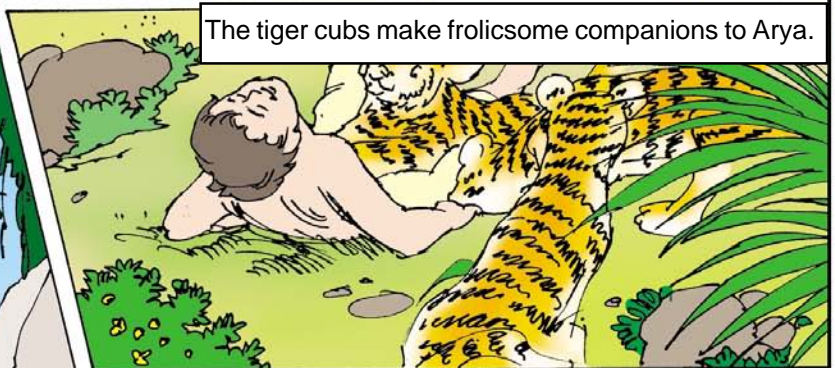
Bhola the tusker is ever ready to oblige him. Malli the parrot keeps a vigil on them.



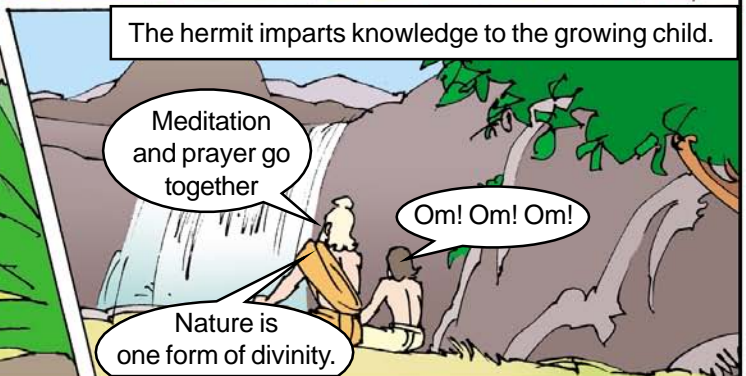
Can a forest be so beautiful?



Hey! Where are you taking me?



The tiger cubs make frolicsome companions to Arya.



The hermit imparts knowledge to the growing child.

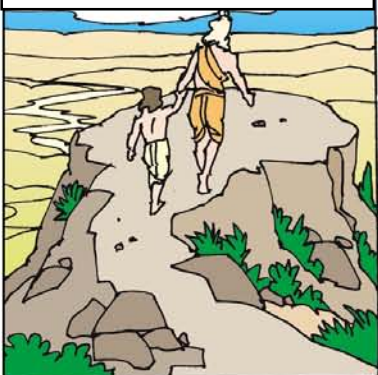
Meditation and prayer go together

Om! Om! Om!

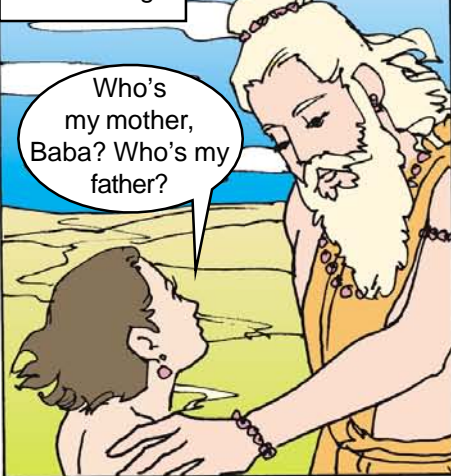
Nature is one form of divinity.



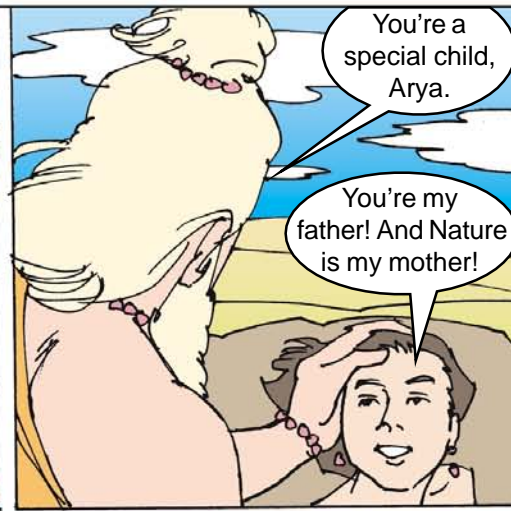
In the evening, they go to the hill top. Unaware of the boy, the hermit passes on to him some of his powers.



One evening...

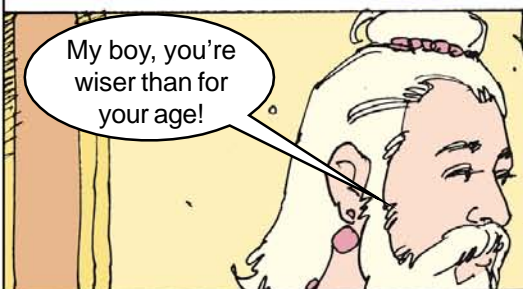


Who's my mother, Baba? Who's my father?



You're a special child, Arya.

You're my father! And Nature is my mother!

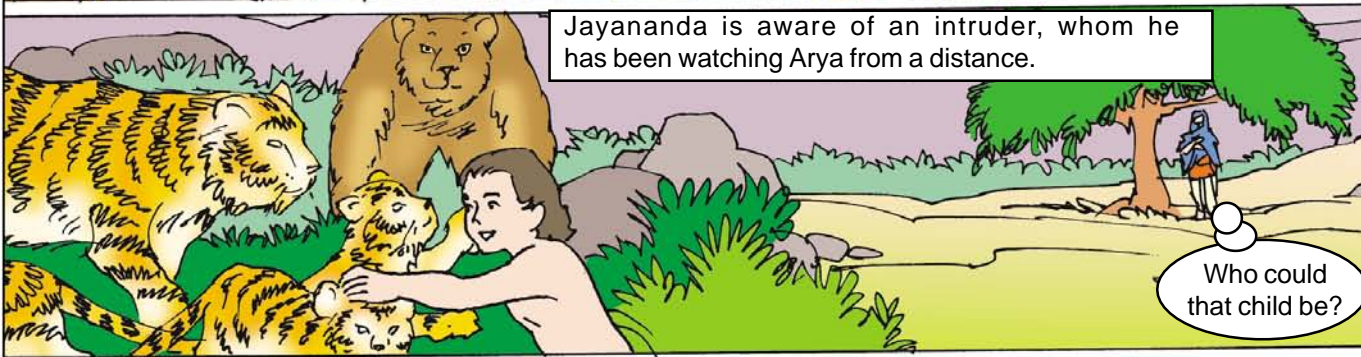


My boy, you're wiser than for your age!



May you always enjoy God's love!

Baba, today I'm so happy!



Jayananda is aware of an intruder, whom he has been watching Arya from a distance.

Who could that child be?

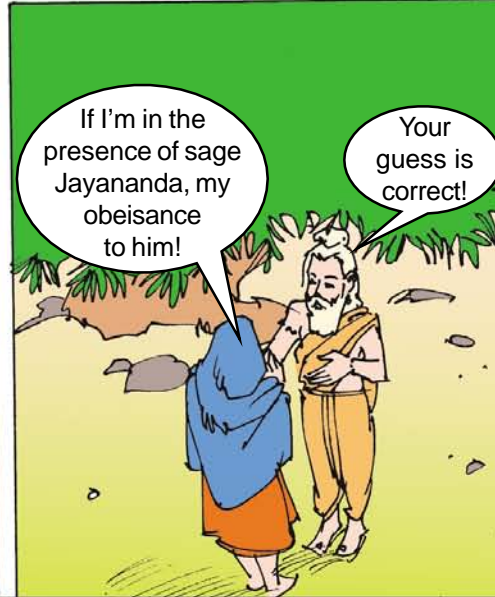


Welcome to my hermitage!



Are you looking for someone or something? Could I help you?

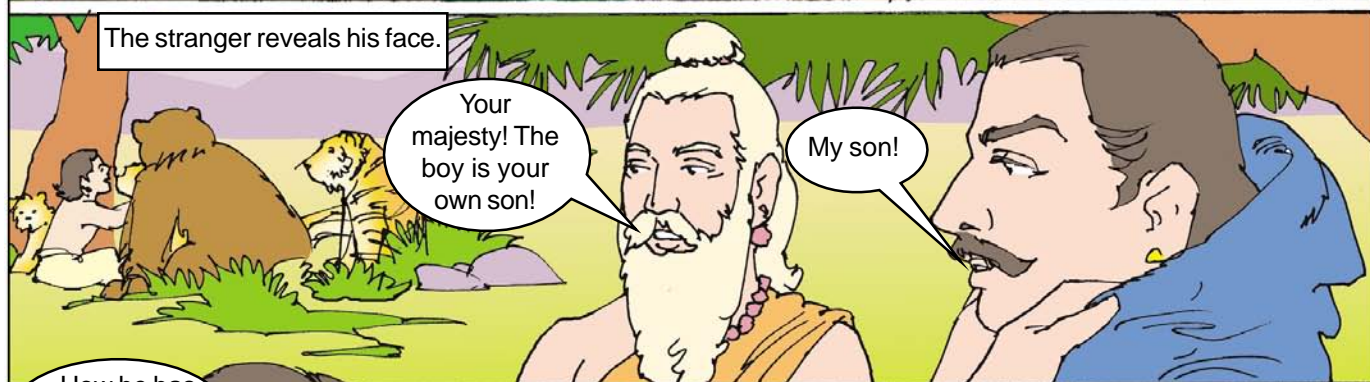
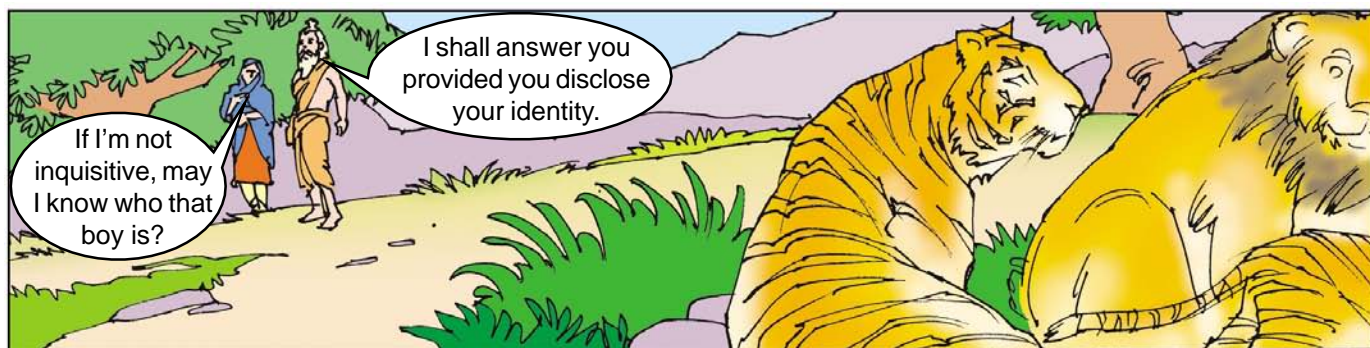
Yes...



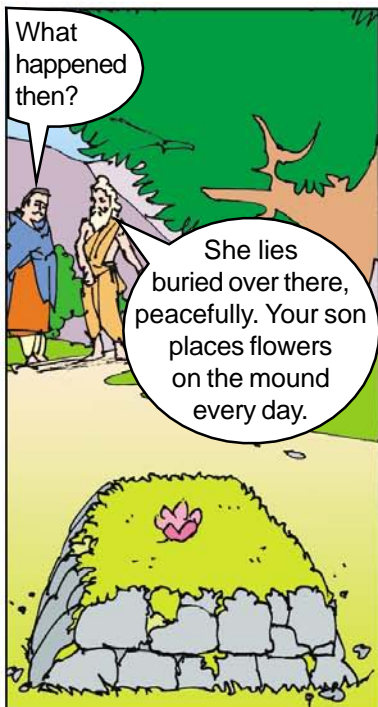
If I'm in the presence of sage Jayananda, my obeisance to him!

Your guess is correct!





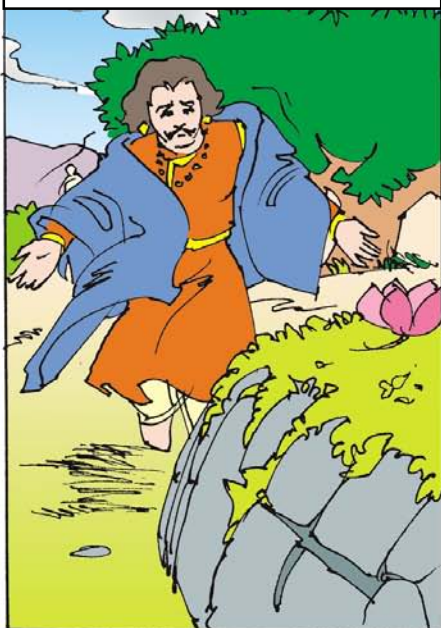




What happened then?

She lies buried over there, peacefully. Your son places flowers on the mound every day.

Shantidev moves towards the mound...

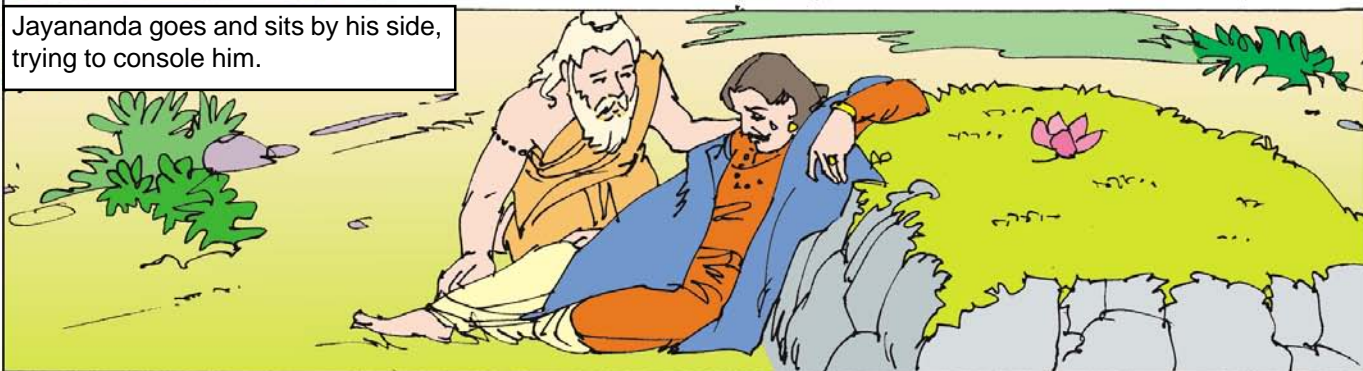


He is overtaken by grief.

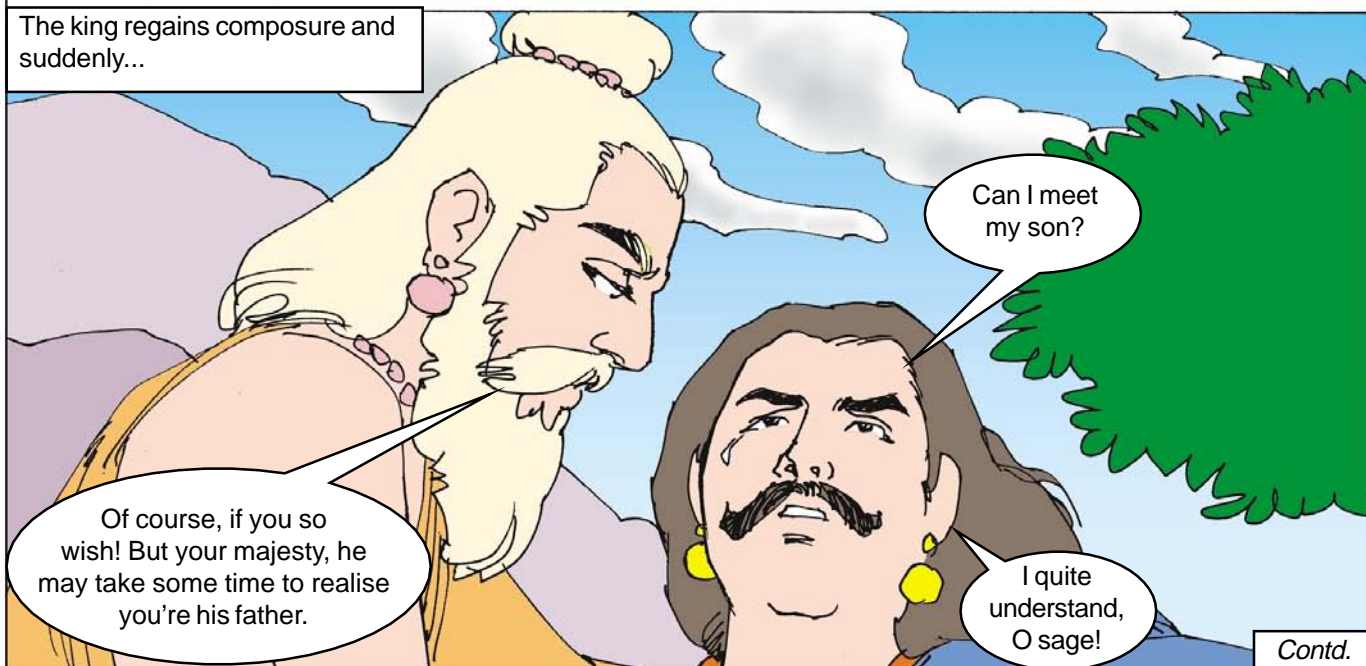


O! My queen. I could not save you!

Jayananda goes and sits by his side, trying to console him.



The king regains composure and suddenly...



Of course, if you so wish! But your majesty, he may take some time to realise you're his father.

Can I meet my son?

I quite understand, O sage!

Contd.





## Laugh till you drop!

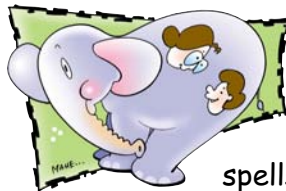
**Dinesh** : Dad, what are four grapes and three grapes?

**Dad** : Don't you know a simple sum like that - haven't you done a problem like that before?

**Dinesh** : No, dad, we always use bananas at school.



ଓଓଓଓଓଓ



**Teacher** : Jimmy, how do you spell elephant?

**Jimmy** : E-L-E-F-A-N-T.

**Teacher** : The dictionary spells it 'E-L-E-P-H-A-N-T'.

**Jimmy** : You didn't ask me how the dictionary spells it!

ଓଓଓଓଓଓ

**Bus conductor** : This coin you've just given me has a hole in it.

**Young passenger** : So has this ticket you've just given me.



The old lady was being interviewed by the local Press after she had reached the age of 110.

"What do you think is the reason for your long life?" they asked her.

She thought for a while. "Well," she said, "I suppose it's because I was born such a long time ago."

## Dushtu Dattu

Late one evening, Dattu and his family are suffering a very boring guest.



At long last, the guest gets up to leave...





Vasudha



Dear Eco-friends,

None of us set out to place wild animals on a fast track headed for extinction. In fact, we would save them if we could. Wouldn't we?

We can. At least we can try by reducing our demand for and waste of electricity, petroleum products, metals, land, paper and wood and by becoming aware that when we discard toxic, non-biodegradable wastes, we're only creating pollution that comes back to haunt people and animals alike.

But have you ever thought what's the purpose for a zoo and the care of wild animals. Here are a few explanations for our young eco friends.

Love

KOPRA KUTTY

## Create a better future for WILDLIFE

**What's the purpose of a zoo?** Many visitors go to the Zoo to get a close-up look at animals they'll never see in the world. They visit the zoo to enjoy the wondrous variety of nature.

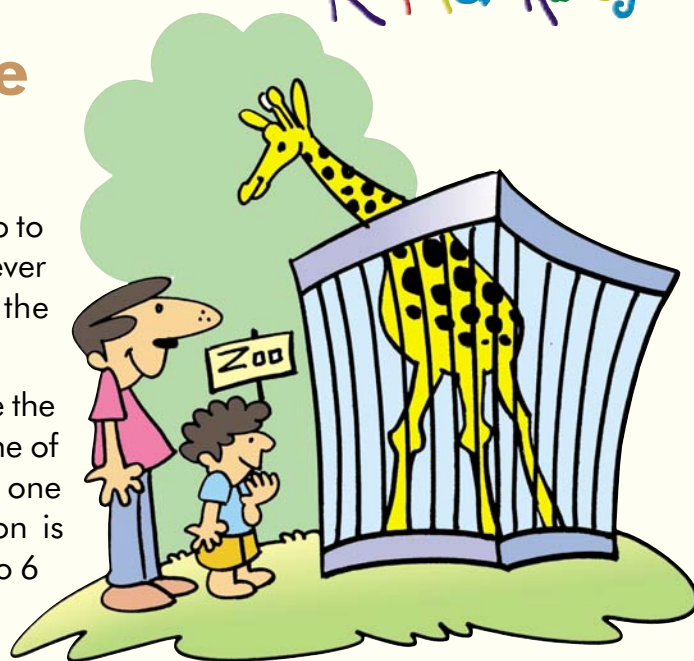
Zoos have a special responsibility to help conserve the wild relatives of the species they exhibit. The decline of many species can ultimately be traced back to one cause: too many people. The human population is growing rapidly, doubling from 3 billion in 1920 to 6 billion in 1999.

All these people need food, water, shelter and space. This means less room for the rest of Earth's species. We are facing an extinction crisis that could result in the disappearance of half of all living species by the end of the 21st century.

**Why should we care?** Partly because of our moral responsibility as Earth's dominant species, also because we are part of the global ecosystem and we depend on healthy environments for many essential services like clean air and water. There's a good chance the quality of our lives will decline in unpleasant ways following the loss of so much planetary biodiversity.

**What can we do about it?** There are many actions we can take individually to live in better balance with nature. Collectively, we can do even more!

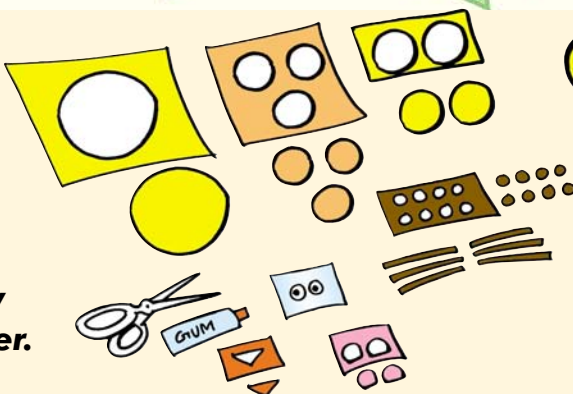
We know you'd be angry if we didn't tell you how you can help while there's still time to make a difference. Place this list where everyone can see it; on the refrigerator, by the coffee pot, or cut it into sections and place them in appropriate places around your home or workplace as reminders.





# PANTHER craft

**Would you like to own a Panther? Here is the few steps to own a cute panther.**



**Your cute panther is ready**

**Things you'll need:** Scissors, Glue and Colour felt (velvet) papers (Yellow, Black, Orange and Pink)

## Method:

1. Cut the yellow colour felt paper into one larger size circle or oval size and two smaller circles. Paste the smaller circle on the top back of the larger oval or circle as ears.
2. Cut the orange colour felt paper into three medium size circles. Glue the circles as mouth and cut the red colour felt paper into triangle and glue it above the mouth as nose.
3. Draw the eyes on the paper and cut into the shape and glue it. Simultaneously cut the black paper into six long size as thread and glue it below the nose as mustache.
4. Cut the black colour paper into as many small size circles and glue it on the face as shown in the figure.
5. Finally cut the pink colour paper into two semi-circles and glue it on the ears as shown in the figure.



## So here's a list of things we can all do :-

- ◆ Clean your windows with vinegar and water instead of chemical products.
- ◆ Recycle everything you can: newspapers, cans, glass, aluminum foil and pans, motor oil, scrap metal, etc.
- ◆ Try to use phosphate-free laundry and dish soaps.
- ◆ Avoid the use of household pesticides. Fly swatters work very well.
- ◆ Use cold water in the washer unless it is necessary to use warm or hot water.
- ◆ Use cloth diapers. The plastic in disposable diapers don't break down in landfills.
- ◆ Learn about natural insect controls as alternatives to pesticides.





1

## Spot the differences

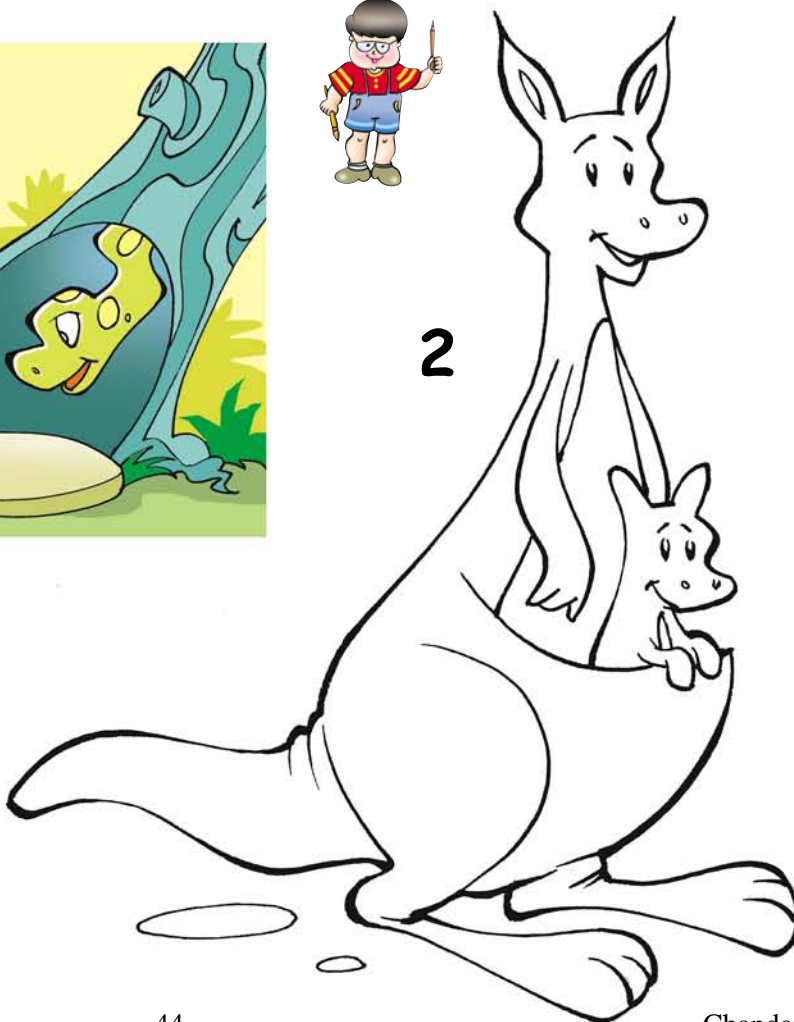
The two pictures may appear identical but there are eight differences between them. Have a good look and find out the differences.



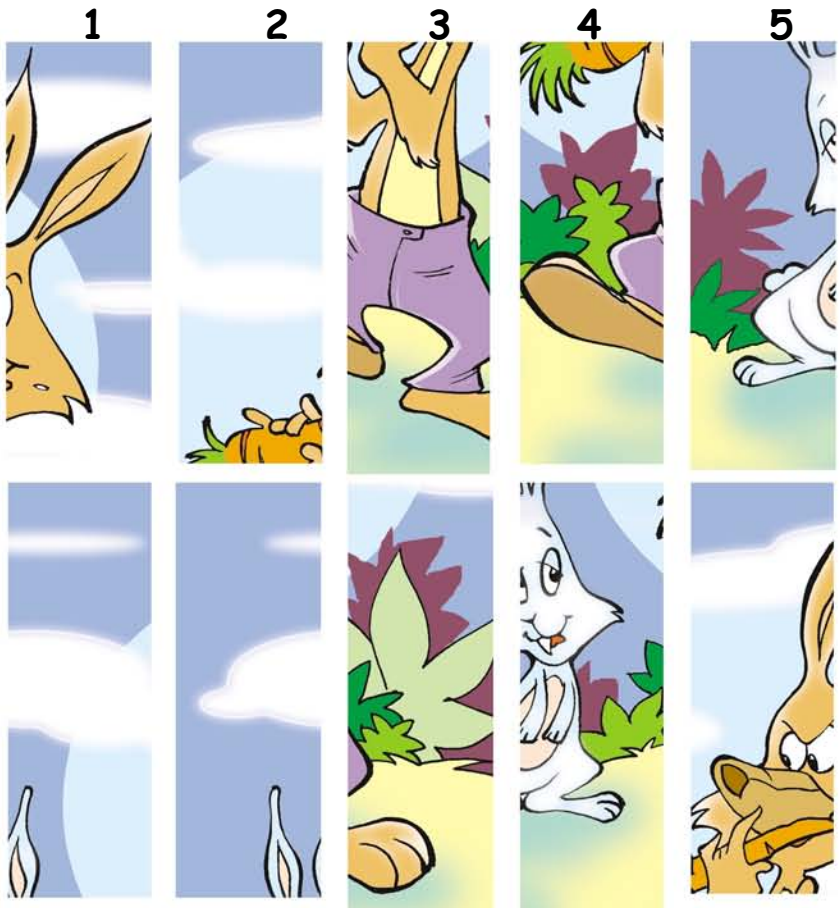
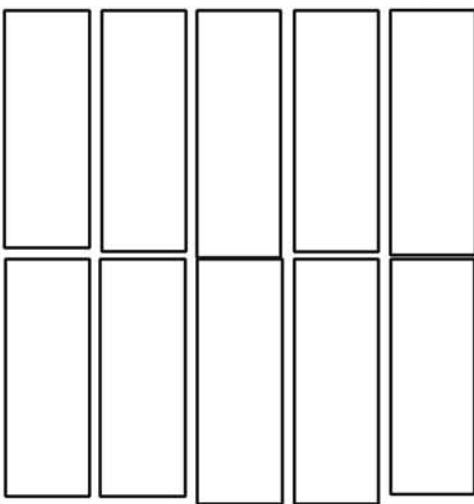
2

## Splash them up

Kangaroo and her baby were out for walking. Why don't you join with them by adding a dash of colour to them.







6 7 8 9 10  
**Place it together** 3

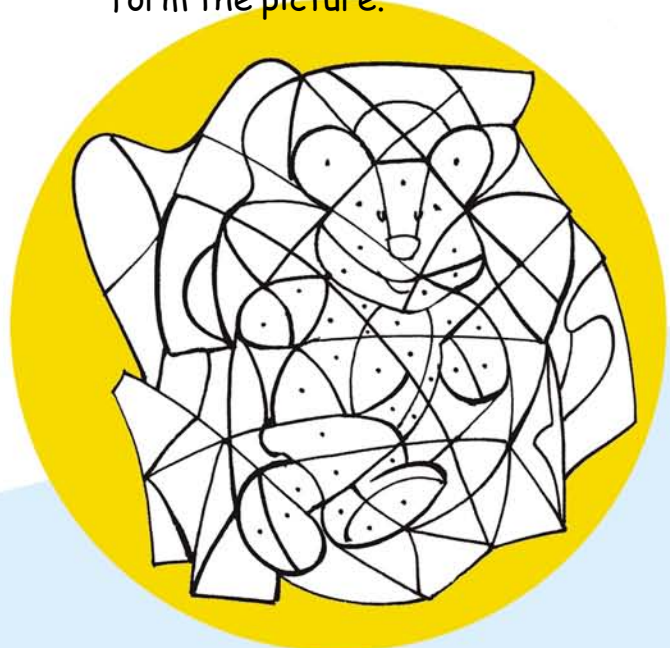
Take a close look at the picture and the jigsaw pieces. Why don't you put all the jigsaw pieces in their right place to form the picture.



## Whozzat?

Are you wondering what is hidden inside this? Why don't you colour the dotted segments to identify the creature.

4



(Answers on page 64)



# Misha and the birthday cake

It was only six o'clock in the morning. The household was already up and bustling about. It was Dad's birthday, and there was to be a small party in the evening.

Ma was busy in the kitchen, and Sushma was rushing around trying to tidy the house. Rohan wanted to help, too, and rushed around after his sister, but managed to bring more work than anything else. Everyone in the family were very busy in their own way.

There was someone else also getting into everyone's way—Misha, with her bright eyes and briskly wagging tail. The little dachshund dashed along behind the children, her long ears flapping, tripping them up time and again.

She nosed around in the kitchen, and more than once Ma nearly stepped on her.

Throughout the day, shouts of "MI-I-SHA"... and "Misha.... Pleease go away" were heard in the house. But Misha refused to obey. She knew something was going on, and thus she wanted to be part of it.

At last, Ma completed most of the preparations for the party. Now, the baking of the cake alone was left. She decided to do it after a small break.

She came out of the kitchen, and looked at the good work the children had done.

She saw the small vase of flowers that Rohan had placed on the centre table, and the cushions Sushma had arranged.

"Good work," she said. "Rohan, Sushma, now come and have lunch and take rest for a while."

"Lunch". That was a word Misha knew. She rushed over to Ma and started barking.

"All right, you'll get your food, too," she said, and gave the puppy her bowl of milk and bread.

Misha lapped it up, and curled up and slept. The children took a nap, too.

Peace reigned in the house, and Ma thought she would use the time to do the baking. She got out the flour and eggs, sugar and butter, her weighing scale and cake whip.

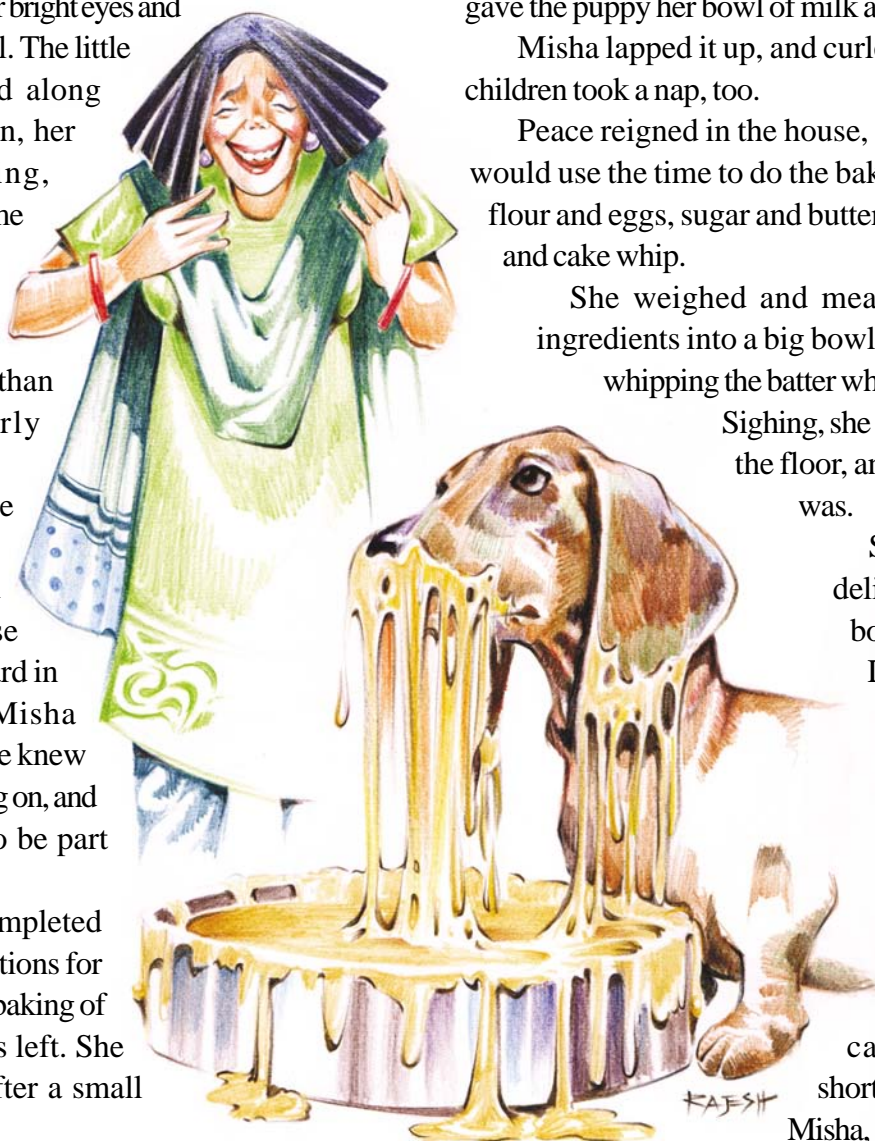
She weighed and measured, and put the ingredients into a big bowl. She had just begun whipping the batter when the doorbell rang.

Sighing, she set the bowl down on the floor, and went to see who it was.

Surprise! It was a delivery man with a big bouquet of flowers for Dad. It was from his colleagues at the office.

Ma signed for the flowers and went to find a vase to put them in.

She came back to finish mixing the cake... and stopped short in horror. There was Misha, standing with her ears



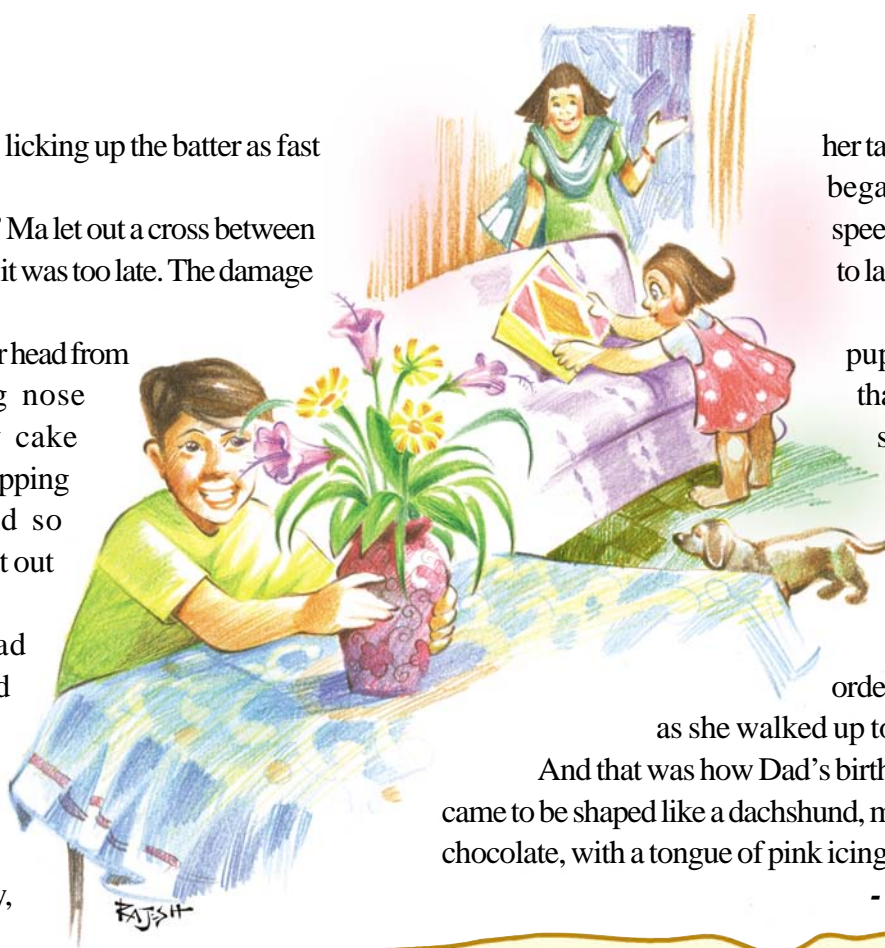


dipping into the bowl, licking up the batter as fast as she could.

"M-I-SH-AAA!" Ma let out a cross between a shout and a wail. But it was too late. The damage was done.

Misha lifted up her head from the bowl, her long nose covered in creamy cake batter and her ears dripping with it. She looked so comical that Ma burst out laughing.

Misha, who had expected a good scolding and a smack, and had tucked in her tail at Ma's shout, looked at her as she laughed and, slowly,



her tail came up again. It began wagging at top speed as Ma continued to laugh.

"You naughty puppy, don't ever do that again," said Ma, still chuckling, and Misha happily burrowed into her sari.

"Oh well, I'll just have to order a cake," said Ma, as she walked up to the phone.

And that was how Dad's birthday cake that year came to be shaped like a dachshund, made of dark brown chocolate, with a tongue of pink icing.

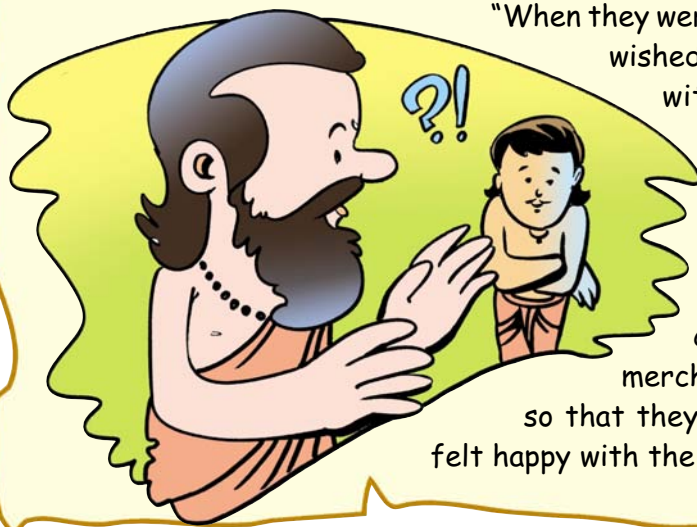
- By Susan Philip

## The Mendicant's affection

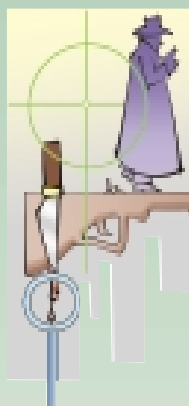
A rice-merchant and a leather-merchant were travelling to a land which was in the neighbourhood of their own land. One night they took shelter in the cottage of a mendicant. The mendicant received them well, but he seemed particularly well-disposed towards the rice-merchant. After the merchants made their purchases and arranged to send them to their homes, they met the mendicant again on their way back. This time the mendicant paid greater attention to the leather-merchant.

After they left, a disciple asked the mendicant what caused the change in his attitude.

"When they were going to buy their goods, the rice-merchant wished the neighbouring land to have been blessed with a good harvest. The leather-merchant wished that there was drought so that animals died in large number and he could buy leather cheap. So I was happy with the former. On their way back, the rice merchant wished the crop to have failed in his homeland so that he could sell his rice at high price. The leather-merchant wished that the people had enough to eat so that they could afford to buy his leather. Naturally I felt happy with the latter," explained the mendicant.







True Cases  
of Mystery  
and Detection

# A strange action A strange explosion

One day in 1959, it was a stormy afternoon in Live Oak, Texas, U.S.A. The wind was blowing very hard indeed, and there was much lightning amidst claps of thunder.

A family of four was just settling down for lunch in their cosy little house. Sherry was on one end of the table; next sat her father, Mr. Carter; beside him sat Aunt Cordelia, and finally in a high chair was placed her baby brother, David.

All of a sudden, for no apparent reason, Aunt Cordelia stood up and went to where little David sat chuckling and gleefully playing with an apple. She quickly took the boy into her arms and had just moved back to her place when almost simultaneously something most unusual happened. A fiery white and yellowish ball of light soundlessly floated in through the glass window.

This strange ball of burning light almost rolled in the air right up to the high chair and perched on it, which merely seconds ago was occupied by little David. It then rose and took a sharp turn and directly passed before Sherry, then almost brushing past her father noiselessly dropped onto the floor. Playfully it then skipped and bounced and sailed out through the front door.

This entire mysterious happening took place in utter silence. But the moment the ball of light was out, there was a big explosion. The very foundation of the house shook, glass panes rattled and the empty chairs almost tumbled over. But nothing was damaged nor was anyone hurt.

Everybody looked at one another in wonder and disbelief. They could not understand what made Aunt Cordelia act in the manner she did just in the nick of time, seconds before the ball of light entered the house and passed through the centre of the high chair which was earlier occupied by the baby boy.

“A voice deep within instructed me to pick up the baby before it was too late. For, something terrible might take place very soon,” was all that Aunt Cordelia had to say.

But what was the mysterious fiery ball of white light? As the weather was stormy and windy, it could have been perhaps a ball lightning, a rare phenomenon, but we do not know.

Whose was the inner voice? Wherefrom did it come? We do not know either, nor did Aunt Cordelia! Only because she intuitively followed the instructions of the mysterious voice the life of the little boy was saved!







# READ AND REACT

## A NOVEL CONTEST FOR READERS

Cash prize of Rs. 250 for the best entry

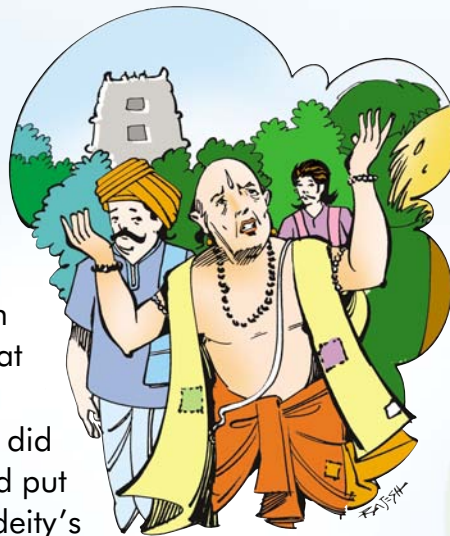
### Read the story below:

The people of Sonpur built a temple and employed a priest to perform daily worship of the deity.

The priest was a greedy fellow. He knew that the villagers were deeply devoted to the deity. He planned to take advantage of their devotion and extract from them a few things for himself.

One day, he did not report for work in the temple. Late in the afternoon, the prominent villagers went to enquire what the matter was.

"Last night the deity appeared before me and said he did not like to see his priest poorly dressed. I must wear silk and put on a gold chain if I am to please the deity. That is the deity's instruction," said the priest.



The villagers sat in a meeting and decided upon a course of action.

- ◆ Do the villagers decide to raise his salary so that he could afford rich robes and ornaments?
- ◆ Do they advise him to continue his work (worship) and await more instructions from the deity?
- ◆ Do the villagers decide to change the priest?

Write your reaction in 100-150 words and send your entry along with the coupon below in an envelope marked "Read and React".

**CLOSING DATE : May 30, 2004**

Name -----Age-----Date of birth-----

School -----Class-----

Home address-----

-----

-----Pin code-----

Parent's signature

Participant's signature

**CHANDAMAMA INDIA LIMITED**

82 Defence Officers Colony, Ekkatuthangal, Chennai - 600 097.



# The Purple Tree

Prasanna could not believe her eyes. She had seen something fantastic! The school bus had whizzed past a tree. A purple tree!! Prasanna gasped. “Did she really see a purple tree? She looked around to see if anyone else had noticed. But all her friends and bus mates were immersed in some chatter, prank or exchange of goodies. She peeped out of the window to get a better view of the tree, only to hear the driver’s stern warning: “All heads inside!”

At school, Prasanna was restless. “Madhu what colour is a tree usually?” she ventured a question to her best friend.

“Very clever doubt.” Madhubala snapped back.

There was only one way to ascertain. After classes, Prasanna rushed to the school bus, and secured the same seat she sat that morning. Alas! This way Prasanna would face but the opposite side of where the tree stood. Prasanna realized her folly a minute too late. The bus had by then started. No changing of seat was allowed once the bus was on the move. Prasanna was deeply disappointed.

That evening Prasanna did not go out to play instead she brought out her water colours to paint the tree that had fascinated her. As she mixed red, blue and white, so

many different and beautiful shades of purple emerged. Lavender, lilac, mauve, pale purple, light purple.... Using all the stunning hues, Prasanna created purple foliage. What would the tree smell like? she wondered. Opening her mother’s cabinet, Prasanna chose lavender talc and a lilac perfume and carefully scented the exquisite painting.

Prasanna placed the fragrant painting at her bedside. That night she had a dream. A shining purple tree stood near a crystal river. The tree’s trunk was golden, its leaves jade. The purple flowers were all amethyst gems. The flowers were so thickly packed that the leaves were hardly visible, the branches hung so low that the trunk was not visible. When a gentle breeze blew, an amethyst flower fell into the river and drifted to a place where the seed took root happily and grew into a purple tree. Prasanna woke with a start. The amazing dream had ended. Was it how the purple tree came to be?

After Prasanna reached school the next morning, she took Madhu aside and showed her the painting.

“Oh! My! But this is beautiful!” exclaimed Madhu.

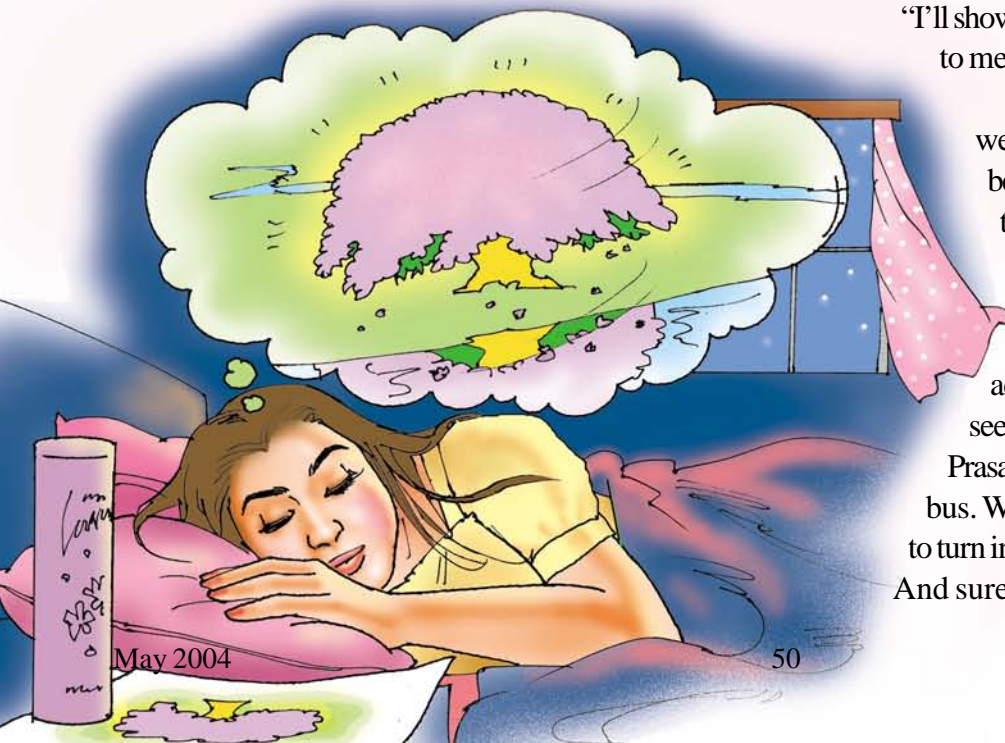
“This is nothing, you must see the original tree,” said Prasanna.

“You mean, there is a purple tree?!!” Madhu could not believe her ears.

“I’ll show you this evening. Make sure you sit next to me in the bus today,” said Prasanna.

“I think you’re crazy,” said Madhu. She went on to add, “Anyhow, since you’re my best friend, I’ll try and believe you’re going to show me a really purple tree.”

Prasanna was now filled with anxiety. Was the tree she saw really purple? Would Madhu believe that she actually did see a purple tree? The evening seemed to take forever to arrive. Madhu and Prasanna tumbled and stumbled into the school bus. With bated breath they waited for the bus to turn into the street where the purple tree stood. And sure enough, it was there resplendent and





shining. A fleeting image was all the girls got but that was enough.

"It's true!" shrieked Madhu. "There really is a purple tree!" she shouted with joy.

"Hush, hush, hush!" Prasanna silenced her. "It's our secret, remember?" she said.

"Let's one day walk to that street and go close to the tree," Madhu suggested and Prasanna agreed.

Over the weekend, the girls could talk of nothing but the purple tree. Were there so many hundreds of flowers covering the leaves that the entire tree looked purple? Or could it really be born of the amethyst flower Prasanna saw in the dream? they wondered.

On Monday, when the bus ambled towards school, both Prasanna and Madhu huddled close to the window to catch a glimpse of their 'secret'. But that day, the bus took a different route. To their dismay, that entire week the bus took a different route.

Plucking up courage, Madhu asked the bus driver, "But, uncle, why are we not going by the old way?"

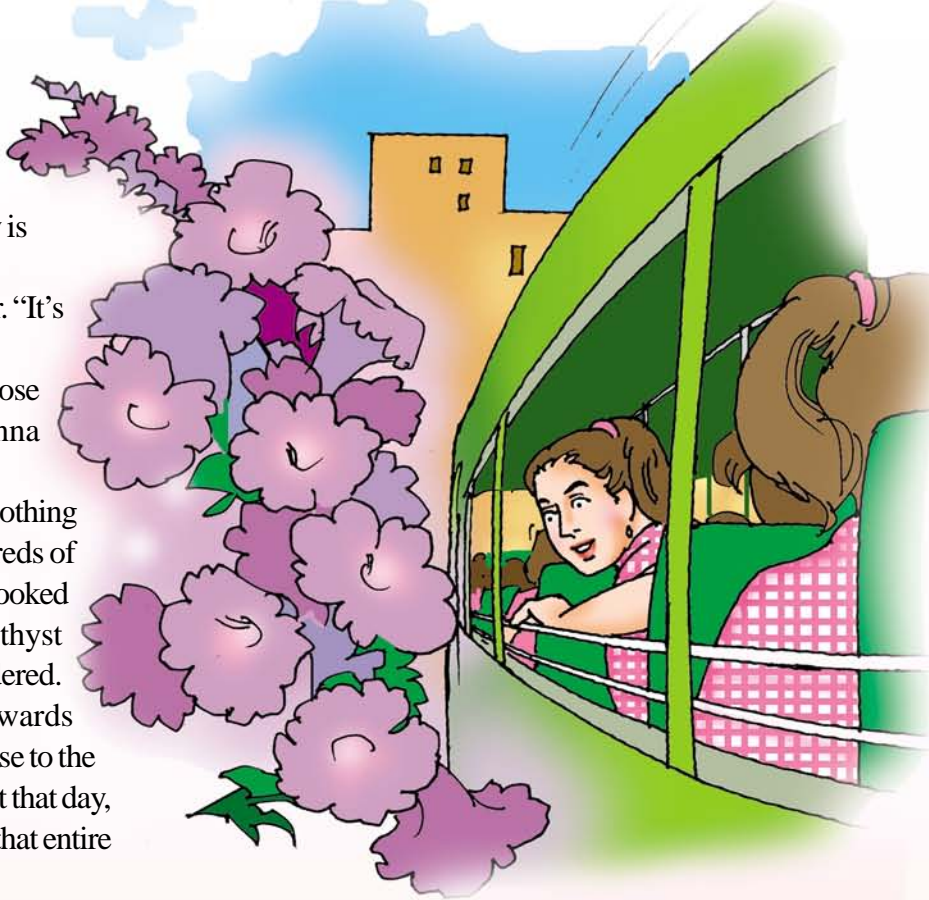
"Don't you know? A huge flyover is coming up in that route. We'll be taking this diversion until the construction gets over," he replied.

Prasanna and Madhu felt sad. They missed seeing the purple tree. One holiday, Madhu arrived at Prasanna's house carrying some purple flowers.

"Oh! The flowers are purple and so beautiful," exclaimed Prasanna.

"These are called December flowers. Don't they remind you of the purple tree?" asked Madhu sadly.

The girls wore the flowers in their hair and sat gazing at the painting Prasanna had made, when suddenly on a whim Prasanna said, "Let's visit the purple tree now." They pleaded and begged until her parents allowed them to walk that big distance. With great joy Prasanna and Madhu jogged, ran, walked, huffed and puffed their way to the purple tree. Finally they turned in to the street where the tree stood. There were huge signs of "Take diversion", "Men at Work", "Proceed cautiously" across the street. There were large construction machines, dunes of sand and clay, smell of cement and tar in that road. The girls picked their way slowly. The whole place seemed so



different now. Was there really a purple tree somewhere here or had they imagined it? Finally, Prasanna and Madhu came to the spot where the tree should have been. But horror of horrors! There was no tree there. Where was the purple tree? The girls just stood there, nonplussed, until an old man asked, "What do you want, children?"

"Was there a tree here sir?" They asked.

"Hmmm.... Oh! Yes, there was. They cut it down recently so that the construction could begin," said the old man. A huge lump of sorrow stuck in the girls' throats.

"What colour was the tree, could you tell us?" they asked sadly.

"You silly children, what colour can a tree be?" The old man cackled and moved away.

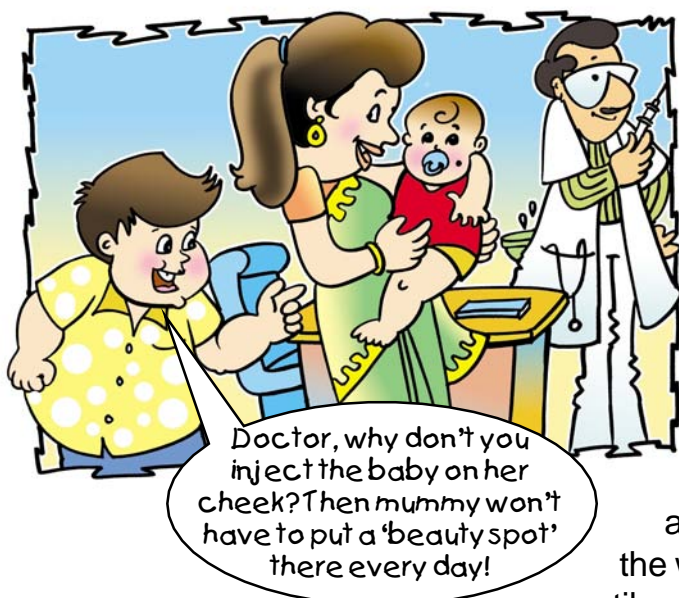
Prasanna and Madhu felt heartbroken. As they began to move sadly, the girls spotted something purplish beneath the rubble. Digging and lugging, they pulled out a badly crumpled flower. It was a purple flower. The girls held the flower tenderly in their hands. For a brief moment, the flower caught the light of the morning sun to shine like an amethyst gem. The girls broke into tears. They clung to each other crying, while the December flowers in their hair bobbed up-down, up-down in the warm wind.

**- By Jaya Madhavan**





## Vaccine

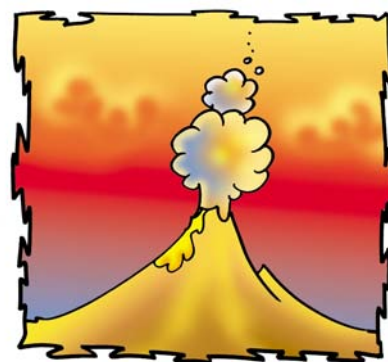


A vaccine is a preparation made from a dead or weakened disease-causing agent which, when administered to a person (orally or by injection), protects him or her from infection by a particular microbe. If the person is exposed to that pathogen, the body then fights it off easily and gives protection against this disease in the future. This protection is called immunity. The process of administering a vaccine is known as *vaccination*. When the vaccine is administered, the body produces antibodies against the weakened or dead germs in the vaccine. These antibodies serve to protect the body against the real

disease-causing germs which may be lurking in the environment, ready to strike. When exposed to a live, weakened, or dead germ, the antibodies or memory cells fight infectious diseases and usually stay in a person's immune system for a lifetime, offering him or her immunity against the disease. Vaccination is one of the greatest achievements of modern medicine. Originally, it referred to only the cowpox vaccine - the path-breaking invention of Edward Jenner in late 18<sup>th</sup> century. Having discovered that persons, who had had an attack of cowpox were immune to the more deadly disease, smallpox, he came up with the idea of infecting people with the cowpox virus as a protection against smallpox. This proved a momentous achievement in medical history.

## Volcano

**V**olcano is a vent or fissure in the earth's crust through which gases, molten rock, or lava, and solid fragments are discharged. The study of volcanoes is called *volcanology*. A volcanic eruption takes place when the molten material under the earth's crust, called *magma*, forces its way to the top with great pressure. The magma that reaches the surface is called *lava*. This red-hot liquid later solidifies into rocks. More than 500 volcanoes are known to have erupted on the earth's surface since historic times, and many more have erupted on the ocean floor unobserved by humans. Based on the nature and frequency of activity, volcanoes are classified as active, dormant, or extinct. Volcanoes are conical in shape, with steep concave sides or gentle slopes, ranging in height from a few feet to nearly 30,000 ft (9 km) above their base. Usually the cone has as its apex a cavity or crater, which contains the mouth of the vent.







## Vulcanization

**V**ulcanization is a technique for hardening rubber by heating and chemically combining it with sulphur. The process makes the rubber stronger and more elastic. Rubber, in its natural form, is sticky and inelastic, hardens in the cold, and softens in the heat. The process of vulcanization, named after Vulcan, the Roman god of Fire, was discovered by Charles Goodyear in 1839.

A method of cold vulcanization (treating rubber with a bath or vapours of a sulphur compound) was developed by Alexander Parkes in 1846. Vulcanization can also be accomplished with certain peroxides, gamma radiation, and several other organic compounds.

The finished product is not sticky like raw rubber, does not harden with cold or soften much except with great heat, is elastic, springing back into shape when deformed instead of remaining deformed as unvulcanized rubber does. The vulcanization process revolutionised the use and applications of rubber, and changed the face of the industrial world by enabling a wider use of rubber and aiding the development of the automobile industry.

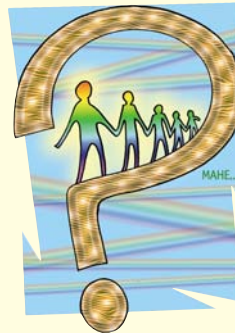
- Compiled by Rajee Raman



## Activity

***So you're good at science? Get cracking on this quiz about famous scientists, all of whose names begin with the letter 'V'***

1. Belgian physician of the 16<sup>th</sup> century, famous as the founder of modern Anatomy.
2. Scientist who proved that cells, not blood, determines the disease or health of the body; known as the father of cellular pathology.
3. Italian physicist who invented the first real battery.
4. Scientist who was awarded the 1955 Nobel Prize in Chemistry for his synthesis of oxytocin.

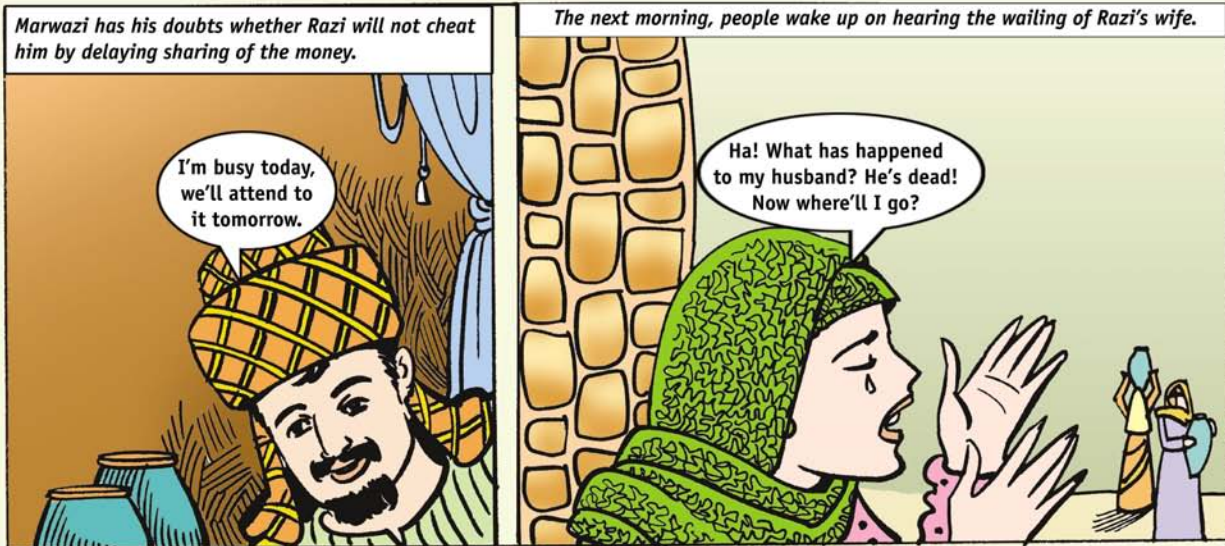


### Answers:

1. Andreas Vesalius (1514 – 1564);
2. Rudolf Virchow (1821 – 1902);
3. Alessandro Volta (1745 – 1827);
4. Vincent du Vigneaud (1901 – 1978)



## The Arabian Nights : Perfect Match





## The Arabian Nights : Perfect Match

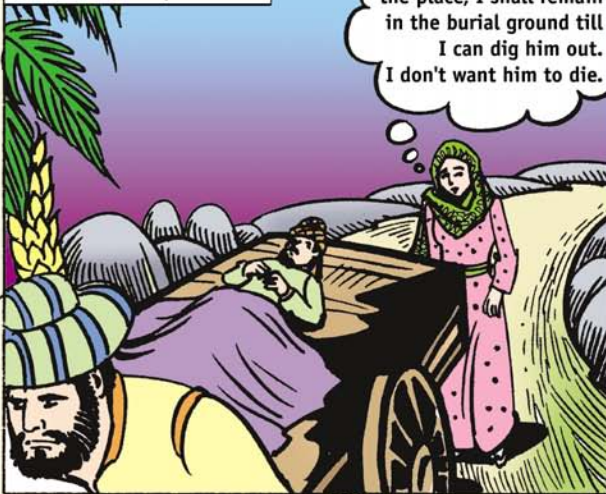
Marwazi places Razi's body on a cart to be taken to the burial ground.



Marwazi pulls the cart, while Razi's wife follows him.



Razi has practised how to lie motionless even after burial.



After Marwazi leaves the place, I shall remain in the burial ground till I can dig him out. I don't want him to die.

Marwazi lends a helping hand to dig a pit for burying Razi.



After the body is lowered, Razi's wife spreads dry leaves, on the body as is the custom.

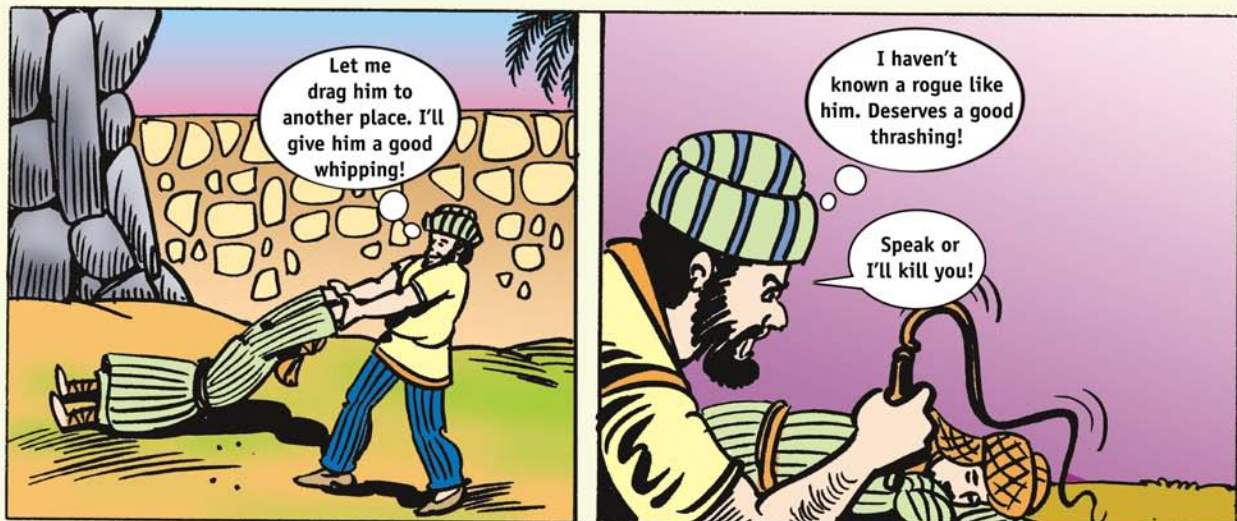
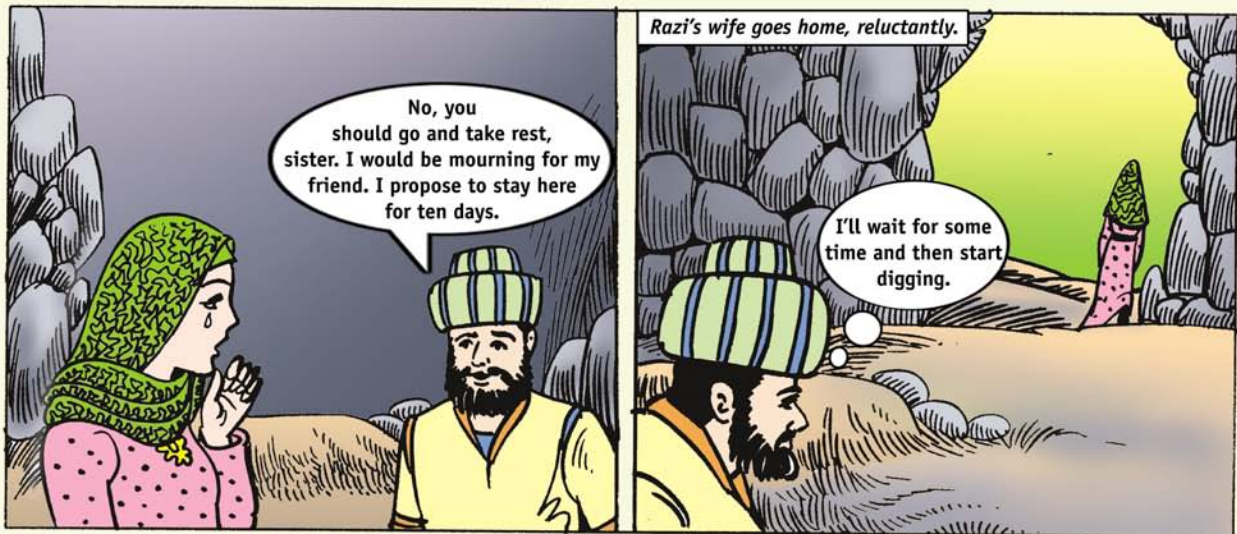


I don't want to be separated from my husband. Let me spend at least two days here.





## The Arabian Nights : Perfect Match





## The Arabian Nights : Perfect Match

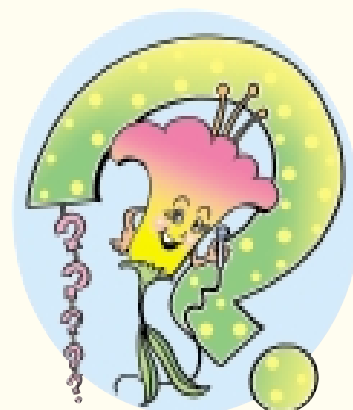




# PUZZLE DAZZLE

## All about flowers

S	A	P	R	O	P	H	I	T	E	C
E	L	Y	T	S	E	G	J	M	E	P
K	R	E	S	U	T	D	R	B	T	E
F	Q	W	J	T	A	A	L	C	I	R
E	L	U	V	O	L	N	U	A	S	E
W	F	K	D	L	N	T	M	L	A	N
C	R	T	O	K	U	H	O	Y	R	N
J	K	R	B	U	D	E	P	X	A	I
F	O	W	E	C	V	R	H	T	P	A
C	H	L	O	R	O	P	H	Y	L	L
M	U	I	C	E	O	R	D	N	A	G



**Hi folks! Are you very good in Botany, the study of plants? Here, some parts of the flowers are hidden diagonally, vertically, horizontally. Using the clues given below, find them out.**

### Clues :

- The male parts of the flower, the stamens as a whole is known as.
- Undeveloped branch, leaf or flower, within protective scales, is otherwise known by this name.
- National flower of India.
- Coloured member of the inner perianth series between sepals and stamens.
- The organisms which derive its food from other living organisms on to, or in which it is attached.
- Body containing the egg which develops into a seed on fertilization.
- Plants which derive its food from dead organic matter.
- The part of the gynoecium between stigma and ovary.
- Plants which live more than 24 months and flowers once in a year.
- The part of the stamen which contains the pollen.
- The outer perianth members, the sepals as a whole is otherwise known by this name.
- Green pigment found in leaves and stems which is very useful for photosynthesis.
- Inner perianth members, the petals as a whole.

**- By R Vaasugi**

**(Answer on page ...64)**



# SAVE WATER

**V**eena was very much excited. She was going to visit her Uncle Suresh in Chennai!

As the taxi drove out from the railway station into the streets of Chennai, Veena stared in excitement at all the huge buildings and landmarks of the city. Eventually, it pulled up outside the building where Uncle Suresh and his family stayed.

Uncle Suresh, his wife, aunt Renu, and their children, Ajay and Vijay, greeted them happily.

After some time, Veena said, "I'd like to have a wash." Aunt Renu led her to the bathroom and said, "Here, we get water only for an hour each in the morning and evening. Not to worry – we have filled up water in the buckets for use. But please use it sparingly, as it has to last us till evening!"

Veena was surprised. Inside the bathroom, she saw a collection of buckets, mugs and tubs, all filled with water. There was hardly any room to stand!

Aunt Renu said, "What to do! Since water comes in the taps only for such a short time, we have to collect it and keep; otherwise we won't

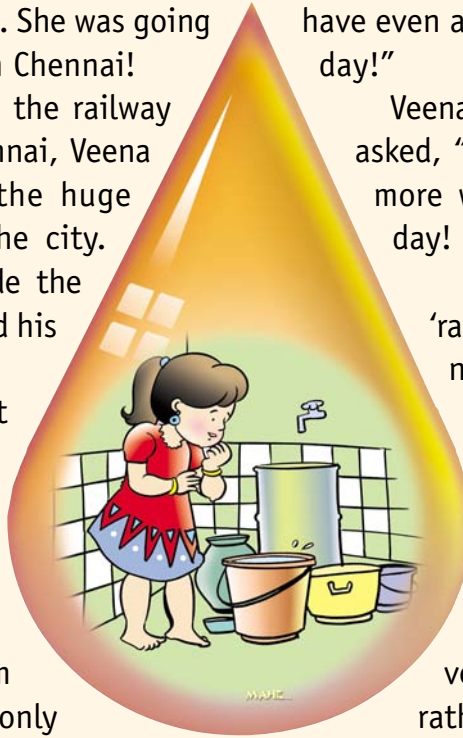
have even a drop for emergencies later in the day!"

Veena felt very sad to hear this. She asked, "Aunty, at our place we use much more water than this, all through the day! How do you manage?"

"We have to manage with this 'rationed' water, my dear – there is no other go!" said Aunt Renu. "We adopt several methods of water-saving. For instance, while cleaning utensils, I keep the greasy ones soaked beforehand so that they take less water to clean. While washing fruits and vegetables, I use a bowl of water rather than washing them under the tap, so as to reduce water consumption.

Further, I run the washing machine only when there is a full load, because it takes a lot of water. If there are any leaking taps in the house, we get them repaired promptly. We have also installed a rain-water harvesting mechanism in our building. That helps, too."

Veena, who had been listening to all this in wide-eyed wonder, declared, "Aunty, I now know the value of water. I shall do my best to ensure that I never waste it."



**DO YOU**



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But most of it is not potable.



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# GLIMPSES OF THE DEVI BHAGAVATAM

**B**rahmadutta was a seeker after true knowledge. Though a king, he was an ascetic in mind. In due course Narada showed him the path to enlightenment. He abdicated his throne in favour of his son and left for the holy Badarikashram.

After his grandson's departure, Sukadev thought it high time for him to depart, too. He retired to Kailash and left his body through continuous meditation.

Vyasa hurried to Kailash when he heard of his dear son's death. There he yearned to get a glimpse of his great son, but in vain. Lord Siva appeared before him and tried to console him. But when the Lord found the sage to be inconsolable, he said, "The emanation of your son will always remain with you like your shadow."

As sage Suta narrated the story, the gathering of hermits in the forest, asked: "What happened to Vyasa thereafter?"

Suta said: "Vyasa had already sent away disciples. Now, his son too was gone. Wandering, Vyasa at last reached his mother Satyawati, after he got to know her whereabouts from a hunter.

"As you know, Satyawati had been married to King Shantanu. She had given birth to two sons, Chitrangada and Vichitravirya. Shantanu's eldest son Bhishma was under the oath not to become king himself. After Shantanu's death Bhishma had coronated his brother Chitrangada. Unfortunately, once on a hunting spree, the young Chitrangada had a fight with a Gundharva that ended in his death.

"Bhishma arranged for his other brother Vichitravirya to ascend the throne. It was then that Vyasa arrived on the scene.

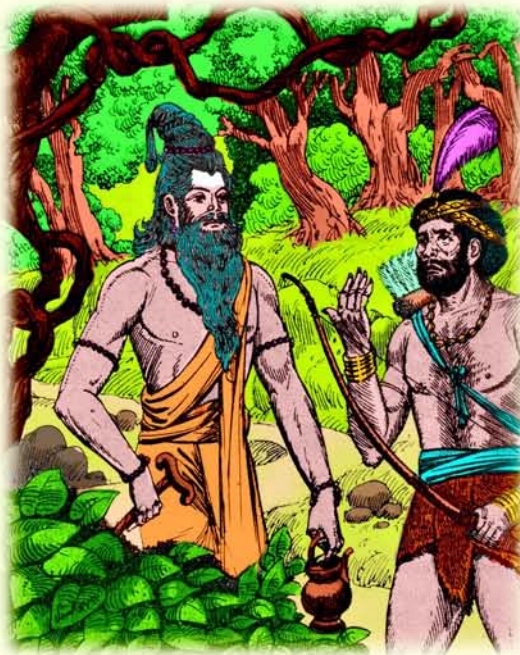
"Bhishma decided to get his brother married. He heard that the King of Kashi had three beautiful daughters. He therefore, proceeded to Kashi. The King had convened a Swayamvara – an assembly of a number of eligible princes for his daughters to choose from them their bridegrooms. Bhishma claimed all the three princesses for his brother. The assembly of princes was up in arms against him. But all of them together were no match for Bhishma.

"Bhishma returned to his palace. Mother Satyawati was happy to see the three princesses. An auspicious moment for their marriage with Vichitravirya was fixed. But the eldest of the three princesses, Amba, told Bhishma privately, 'I had chosen the King of Malva for my husband. He, too loves me. I should not marry anybody else. It is your duty to take me to him.'

"Bhishma was in a dilemma. He discussed the issue with Satyawati and his ministers. He sent Amba to Malva.

Delighted with the fulfilment of her wish, the princess told the King of Malva, "The noble Bhishma, granting my request, has sent me to you. Please arrange for our marriage."

"Malva's face fell. 'How can that be possible?' he asked with his head hung. 'Bhishma took you away forcibly from the assembly of princes. Now to marry you would mean to become the object



## 5. BHISHMA'S DILEMMA



of Bhishma's pity. That is humiliating for me. Better go back to Bhishma."

"Princess Amba stood as if thunder-struck. She bewailed her fate and returned to Bhishma and said, 'It is because of you that Malva refused to marry me. Now you should marry me yourself.'"

'But that is impossible! I'm under an oath never to marry. I advise you to go back to your parents,' said Bhishma.

"But Amba did not go back to her parents. Instead, she went to live in a forest. Her two sisters, Ambika and Ambalika, married Vichitravirya.

"Vichitravirya reigned happily for a while. He had an untimely death. There was, of course, no problem in the smooth running of the kingdom. Bhishma, with the help of Satyawati and Vyasa, ruled the kingdom.

"A son was born to Ambika, but he was found to be blind. He was named Dhritarastra. Ambalika gave birth to another son. In due course it was this second son, called Pandu who ascended the throne.

The hermits listening to Suta, interrupted him. "You said Vyasa was a son of Satyawati. How was that possible? Was Satyawati not married to Shantanu?" they



asked. Suta answered them: Once the kingdom of Chedi was ruled by a young king. He had received a wonder chariot from Indra, the king of gods. The Chedi king loved to fly the chariot. He came to be popularly called Uparichara or the sky-wanderer.

One day Uparichara and his wife Girika were in the chariot, enjoying the scenes of the streams and mountains below, when Uparichara's aged father, who lived a retired life, rang the palace-bell alling them down.

For a certain rite, I want a deer. But the deer has to be secured personally by you," said the old father.

Uparichara had to go into the forest immediately. He bagged a deer and entered a river for a bath. He recalled how he had come away from Girika rather abruptly and felt sad on that account. A she-fish saw his sad face. She was moved by sympathy.

The king's figure was reflected in both her eyes for a long time. As a result, grew a boy and a girl in her womb. In fact, the she-fish was a nymph.

"How did the nymph become a fish?" asked the hermits.

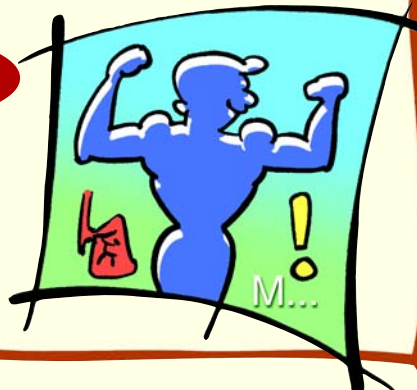
*(To continue)*



A person cannot taste food unless it is mixed with saliva. For example, if a strong - tasting substance like salt is placed on a dry tongue, the taste buds will register nothing. As soon as a drop of saliva is added and the salt is dissolved, however, a definite taste sensation results. This is true for all foods.

## DID YOU KNOW

Even if the stomach, the spleen, 75 per cent of the liver, 80 per cent of the intestines, one kidney, one lung, and virtually every organ from the pelvic and groin area are removed, the human body can still survive.





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# A Quick Getaway at great risk

**Reader B.G.Ramudu of Tadepalligudem recently had a traumatic experience. He had made a deposit in a financial company which went out of business all of a sudden and without informing its depositors and clients. A few days later, he read a report in newspapers which used the expression 'cut and run'. He wants to know the exact meaning of the phrase.**

'To cut and run' means to quickly run away from a problem, instead of dealing with it in a legal, responsible way. An escape may not be the correct way to face the situation, because the person concerned may have to face a lot of unpleasantness and consequences. In olden days, when a ship at anchor faced an attack, it would cut the rope to free itself of the anchor so that it could make a quick getaway. By avoiding one danger, the ship would later get into greater danger without the help of the anchor!

**Reader Ardeshir Dalal of Mumbai wants to know the meaning of the idiom "cheek by jowl".**

First, the lower cheeks that hang down are known as jowls. So, as the cheek is very close to the jowl, the idiom means very close to each other, or close together, or side by side. In slums, several families live cheek by jowl in a single house.

**What is the difference between call, call on, and call upon? asks Mrityunjaya Das of Balasore.**

When someone calls somebody, he is calling to draw attention or calling on the telephone. When visitors go to a place, they are calling on someone; call on a patient in the hospital or call on a dignitary. In his recent broadcast, the

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President of India called upon the citizens to exercise their right to vote without fear or favour.

**Padiyath Malini of Kuttipuram, Kerala, has this doubt to clear. In wedding invitations, the parents who send out the cards spell out their names as Mrs and Mr. So and So. Is this the correct way? she asks. If not, what is correct?**

It will be proper to say Mrs. Nalini Prabhakar in full and Mr. or Dr. T.P. Prabhakar and identify them by their house (tarwad) name. This method is found generally followed in India. However, a more correct way is to say Dr.T.P.Prabhakar and Mrs. Nalini Prabhakar (Dr.T.P.Prabhakar and Smt. or Srimathi Nalini Prabhakar).

## ALL THE ANSWERS

### PUZZLE DAZZLE

#### All about flowers

- 1.Androecium, 2.Bud, 3.Lotus, 4.Petal,
- 5.Parasite, 6.Ovule, 7.Saprophite, 8.Style,
- 9.Perennial, 10.Anther, 11.Calyx,
- 12.Chlorophyll, 13.Corolla.



#### Spot the differences

- a.Patch on the snake's neck is missing.
- b.Bear's abdomen colour.
- c.Tail of a bird.
- d.Pebble near the neck of the bear.
- e.Shrub is missing.
- f. Leaves near the tail of the bear.
- g.Shrub is large.

#### Place it together

7.6.2.10.1.5.9.4.3 and 8.

#### Whozzat?

Hidden creature is "Bear".



# Historic win in Pakistan

*When India accepted Pakistan's invitation to play One Day Internationals and Test matches in that country in the early months of this year and decided to tour Pakistan, it was said that the winner was Diplomacy. Before Team India's departure, the players sought the blessings of the Prime Minister Shri Atal Bihari Vajpayee, who told them "to win the hearts" of our neighbours. Not that he had any doubt about the capabilities of our cricketers to make a success of their tour as well. When they won both the One Day series and the Test matches, everybody in India did not lose a moment to predict that India would easily win the next WORLD CUP in the year 2007.*



To trace India's path to victory, the first Test in Multan ended in a win by an innings and 52 runs. It was India's first Test victory in Pakistan. It was also India's biggest ever win away from home.



**Virendra  
Sehwan**



**Sachin  
Tendulkar**

media was full of praise for India's victory and there was no doubt that the Indian cricketers, who had already wrapped up the One Day series in their favour, were out to capture the hearts of their fans in Pakistan.

The scores were India 675 for 5 declared and Pakistan 407 and 216 all out. Of the 675 runs, Virendra Sehwan contributed a record 309—the first triple century by an Indian player—while 194 (not out) came from Sachin Tendulkar and a valuable 59 from Yuvraj Singh. Sachin's century was his 33rd in Tests—one short of Gavaskar's all time record.

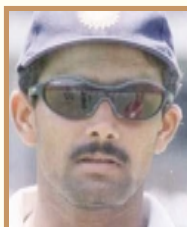


**Rahul  
Dravid**

There was a tinge of disappointment in Tendulkar as Rahul Dravid, standing in for captain Saurav Ganguly, who was back in India for

treatment, decided to declare the innings closed when Sachin needed only another six runs for what would have been his fourth double century in Tests.

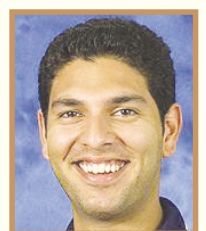
Anil Kumble's haul of six wickets was mainly responsible for one of Pakistan's lowest second innings score of 216 runs. The Pak



**Anil  
Kumble**

India suffered a setback in the second Test at Lahore. Pakistan down 0-1 in the series bounced back into reckoning by dismissing India for 287 runs in their first innings. India were 7 wickets down for a mere 147 runs.

However, Yuvraj Singh saved India's face by scoring 112, with enough support from Irfan Pathan (49). Cricket commentators described Yuvraj Singh as 'a revelation'. He dedicated his first Test century to his parents.



**Yuvraj  
Singh**

Pakistan took a commanding

position in their first innings, thanks to two centuries by opener Farhat (101) and Inzamam (118), reaching a total of 489. India faltered in their second innings, losing 5 wickets for a paltry 105. Pakistan made 40 for 1 wicket to win the match by 9 wickets and level the series 1-1.





**Nehra**

By the time India got ready for the third Test at Rawalpindi, Saurav Ganguly was back to lead the team. India rose from the ashes like the legendary phoenix and went in to carve a decisive victory.

Consistent bowling by Balaji (4 wickets), and Nehra and Pathan (2 each) limited Pakistan's first innings to a modest 224. India's start was shaky when Sehwag went out for a duck. The score then was 1.

The innings, however, ended with an impressive 600, which included 270 by vice-captain Rahul Dravid (his fifth double hundred—one more than Gavaskar's record of 4), a captain's knock of 77 by Saurav Ganguly and 71, 69, and 47 runs from V.V.S. Laxman, Parthiv Patel and Yuvraj Singh respectively.

Pakistan found it difficult to



**Balaji**



**V.V.S. Laxman**

cross the total, when they were dismissed for 245 runs. Tendulkar bowled to Danish Kaneria, who was caught for a zero by Saurav Ganguly. The captain had won the match as well as the series 2-1. It

was a historic win for India.

Sehwag was declared Man of the Series for his triple century in the first Test.

Ganguly became the most successful captain for India, taking his tally to 15 Test wins in 38 matches, surpassing Mohammed Azharuddin's 14.

The country rose as one man to hail the victory of Team India, not forgetting their 3-2 success in the One Day series.

The Prime Minister described it as "a victory of teamwork, determination, and a will to win". Team India is now a force to reckon with.



**Parthiv Patel**



**Irfan Pathan**

## OTHER CRICKET HEROES



**Brian Lara**

### World Record

**Brian Lara** has claimed the most coveted batting record of all, by becoming the first batsman to make the highest individual score. In the fourth W.Indies

- England Test at Antigua, he scored 400 runs( not out) in the W.Indies total of 751 for 5 declared. This world record was made on April 12. The West Indian captain regained the world record from Australia's Mathew Hayden who had made 380 against Zimbabwe only six months ago.

Lara had set a previous record of 375 against England 10 years ago on the same ground in Antigua. He owns another world record of scoring 501 runs for Warwickshire against Durham in first class cricket in the 1994 season.

### Youngest Captain

**Zimbabwe's Taibu** is the world's youngest Test captain at 20 years 300 days. This came about when Heathstreak

suddenly resigned as captain and the selector Maqsood Ibrahim posed a question to Taibu, "Would you lead the team in the next Test?" Taibu said "yes" and then sat back and wondered whether he was hasty in his answer! The record till then stood with Waqaar Yunis who became Pakistan's captain when he was only 21 years 350 days. In the Test at Bulawayo, Taibu scored 96 not out against the host team, Sri Lanka.



**Taibu**



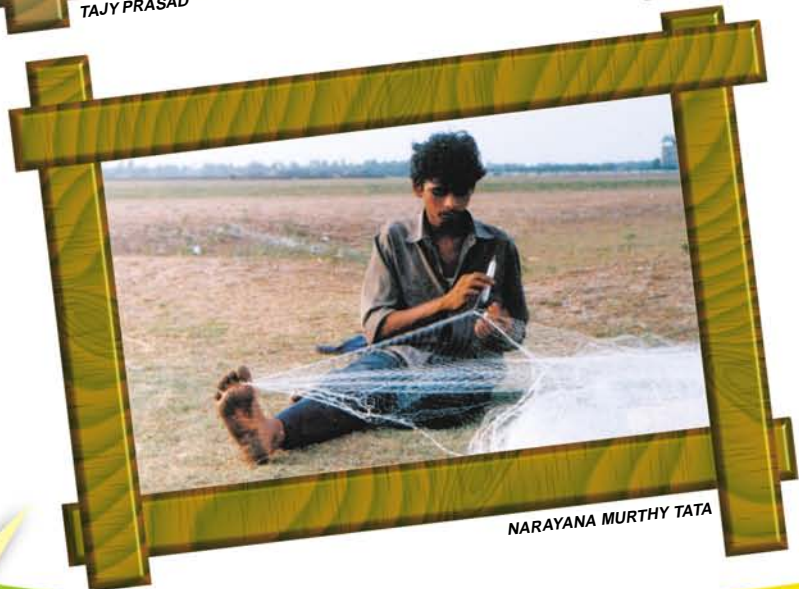
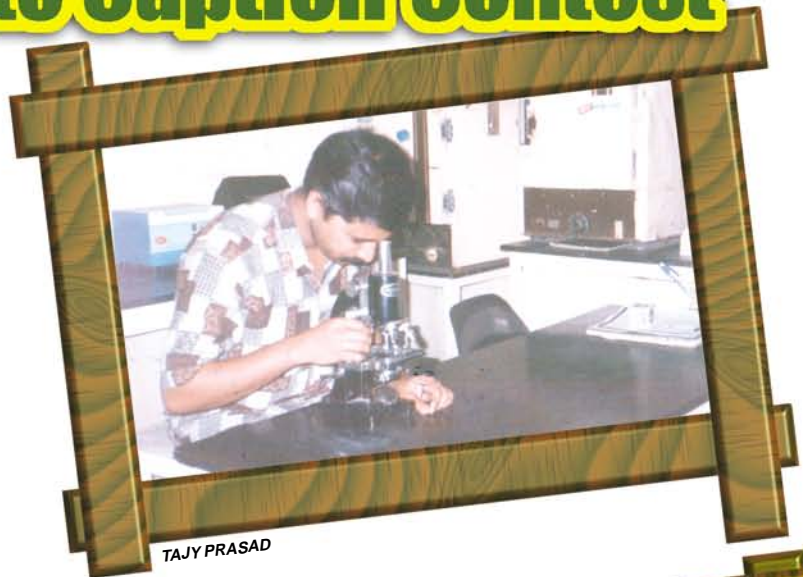
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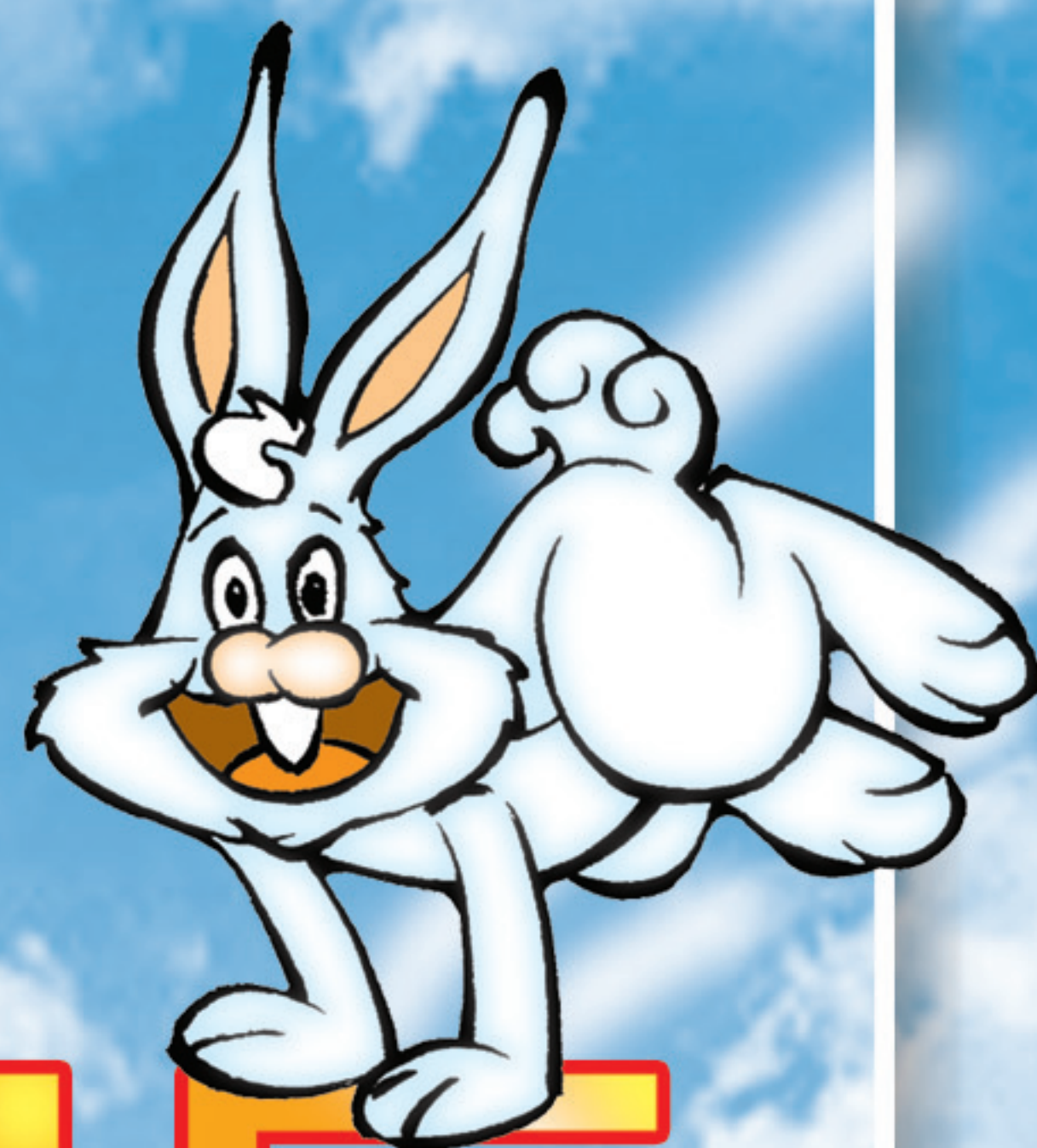
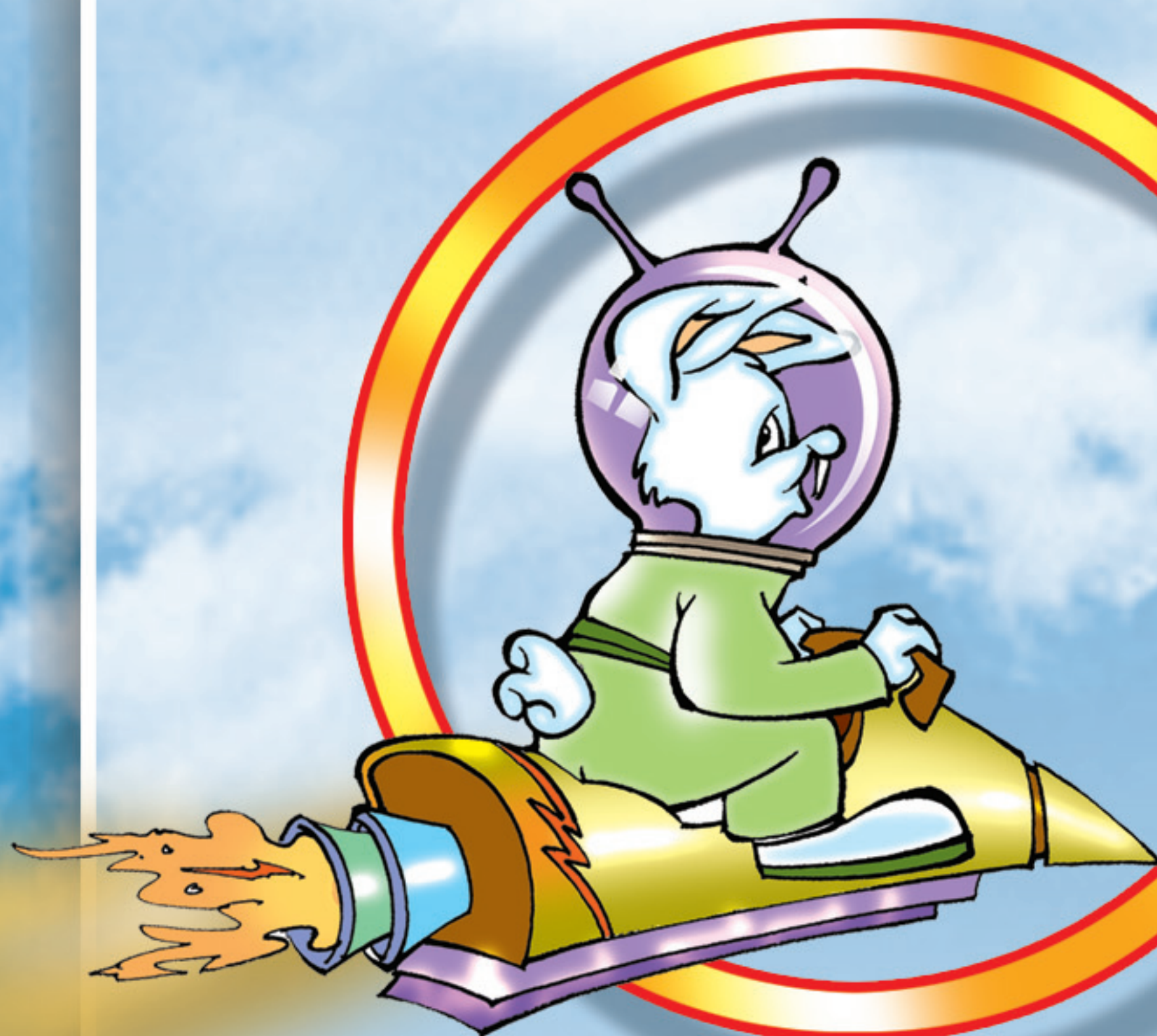




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